THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE COOLIDGE RENUNCIATION

EXACTLY FOUR YEARS after Calvin Coolidge took the oath of office as President before his father in that oil-lighted room in a Vermont farmhouse, he startled the nation with his laconic declaration: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." Editors and press correspondents speedily sensed the issuance of a historic statement. Dividing on the question of the irrevocability of the President's decision, they agreed that he had started the 1928 Presidential campaign nearly a year before the conventions. Mr. Coolidge's renomination would have been his for the asking, it was universally conceded, and hardly less general was the belief that his reelection was practically certain. But with Coolidge out of the race, the entire complexion of the campaign changes, say political authorities, with a score of candidates competing for the Republican nomination and a renewal of confidence in the Democratic camp. In Wall Street, where the "Coolidge bull market" has been in progress for nearly three years, the announcement was greeted by the sharpest slump in stocks that had occurred for many months, only to be followed by a reaction, due, according to commentators, to a feeling that the Coolidge renunciation might not be final, and also to the existence of an easy money market and basically good business conditions. Several questions have been raised by the Coolidge statement, to none of which a final answer has been given: Just what did Mr. Coolidge mean? Why did he say it at this time? If not Coolidge, who will be the Republican candidate in 1928?

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

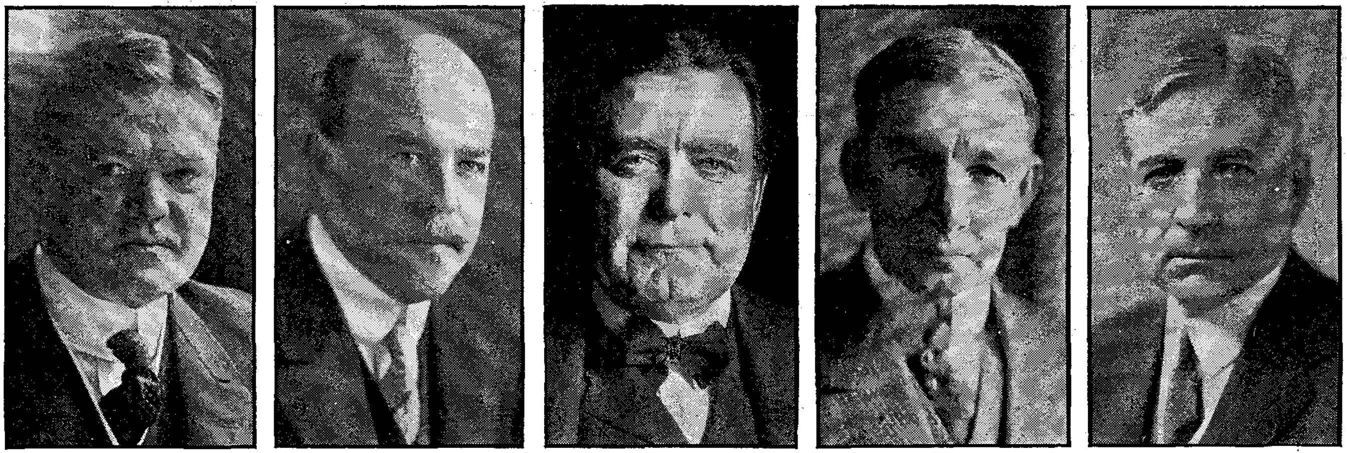
"I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN"

The President's use of the word "choose" raises the question in many minds whether he is merely stating a preference, or asserting a final decision. Among Washington correspondents the prevailing tendency is to consider the President's statement an absolute refusal. As for the curious language, remarks Clinton W. Gilbert in the New York *Evening Post*, "when a man says 'I do not choose' to do a thing, he means most emphatically that he has made up his mind not to do it." In the opinion of another political writer for the same New York newspaper, Raymond G. Carroll, it is "an unequivocal declination made by himself to himself and to the American people—absolute, clear, plain." Calvin Coolidge, says Theodore C. Wallen of the New York *Herald Tribune*, does not resort to political "faking." Opinion among political observers in Washington, according to Richard V. Oulahan of the New York *Times*, is that "Mr. Coolidge intended his announcement to mean that he had taken himself out of the running." Why should there have been any announcement, it is asked, "if the President intended to have a string tied to his disclaimer of candidacy?" While President Coolidge's actual words may leave the situation open in the minds of some of his supporters and others, according to the views of those close to him, "the President has closed the doors of the White House to himself after March 4, 1929," notes the New York *Times* correspondent at Rapid City. Similar statements come from representatives of The Associated Press and the New York *World*.

The same confidence that the President has definitely declared himself out of the Presidential race is exprest in a host of newspapers of both parties and in all sections. In Mr. Coolidge's New England, the Springfield *Union* (Rep.), the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.), and the Boston *Globe* (Dem.) agree with the Boston *Post* (Dem.) when it says:

> "There can be no doubt that President Coolidge has firmly determined on retirement. When he says he does not 'choose' to be a candidate, that, in the New England sense, is positive. The habitual New England understatement is typical. If he had said 'I do not think I will be a candidate,' every one who knows the New England habit of speech would take it as a flat refusal.
>
> "His statement, the idea of giving it out on the fourth anniversary of his accession to the Presidency, the lack of any preliminary hints, and the refusal to amplify it or discuss it, is typically Coolidge."

"Coolidge's word is final," declares the New York *Telegraph* (Dem.). The New York *World* (Dem.) believes that the President "has spoken without mental reservation of any kind and that he has done a great service in the preservation of the essential spirit of the American constitutional system." The New York *Evening Post* (Ind.) thinks it safe to accept the



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LEADING REPUBLICANS MENTIONED TO SUCCEED COOLIDGE

President's words "as irrevocable." Similarly the New York *Telegram* (Ind.) believes "that when President Coolidge said he did not choose to be a candidate, he meant that he was not a candidate and would not be a candidate and did not want to be nominated." The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) is convinced "that not only does he not seek a renomination, but that he will not let himself be drafted even by a united party." The American people, says the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* (Rep.), have no right to interpret the President's statement as "other than a straightforward unequivocal declaration." It "ends the matter," concludes the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.). In the national capital the Washington *Post* (Ind.) accepts the fact that Mr. Coolidge "has eliminated himself from next year's campaign." Here the Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.) agrees. This, says the Chattanooga *Times* (Dem.), is an end to all speculation about the President's third-term ambitions.

What really settles the thing, so far as Coolidge is concerned, reasons the Des Moines *Register* (Ind.), is the opening given to other candidates for the Republican nomination, "for the real strength of Coolidge's position heretofore, and so long as he kept silence, was in the prohibition that his silence put on the activities of others." In Democratic Texas the Dallas *News* interprets the Coolidge statement "as a full and definite renunciation of an ambition to serve another term in the White House." "If he does not choose to be a candidate in 1928," Mr. Coolidge, observes the Salt Lake City *Tribune* (Rep.) "will neither go after the Republican nomination nor take it if it is offered him." "Mr. Coolidge has made his choice," we read in the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.); "it is not to run." And the Portland *Oregonian* (Rep.) hasn't the slightest doubt "that it is his purpose to stand on his decision."

But to no less keen commentators on political occurrences and utterances, it seems that the President, while stating his preference not to run, has left the way open for his party to draft him. For instance, so conspicuous a Republican as Senator Smoot, of Utah, construes the Coolidge statement to mean that, "if the Republican convention nominates him again, he will accept the nomination; it does not bar him from running again, in such an event." Mr. C. Bascom Slemp, formerly Secretary to the President, tells The Associated Press of his conviction that, while Mr. Coolidge is not a candidate, "he would accept the nomination in 1928 if such nomination is a free expression of popular will." Most professional politicians, writes George Van Slyke in the New York *Sun*, interpret the Coolidge statement "as a masterful move which leaves the President still available as a candidate, but with the fateful third-term issue shifted from his shoulders to the Republican party." In other words, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York *American*, the politicians feel that "he will submit to a little soft and gentle coaxing." David Lawrence, of the Consolidated Press, contends that, "translated into political English," Mr. Coolidge's statement means something like this:

> "I do not choose to use my office to get delegates, and I do not choose to make an active campaign for the Presidential nomination in 1928. If my party thinks I should not have another term and wishes to nominate somebody else, I will make no contest against my party, but will cheerfully abide by its decision. If my party wishes me to serve, I will do so gladly in the future as I have in the past."

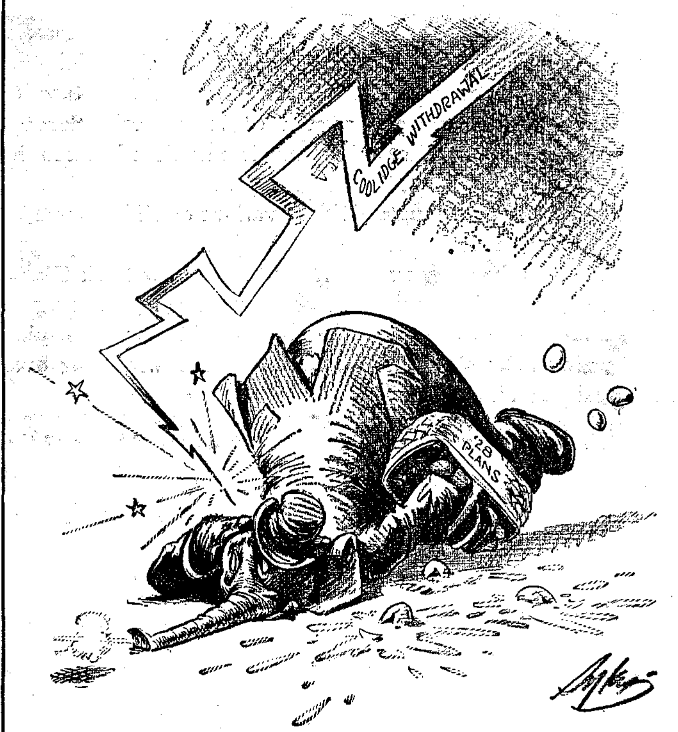
Editorial refusal to consider the President's declination final is wide-spread. While the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) would not impugn his sincerity, it does "find it hard to believe, even in the face of this message, that he would decline the nomination if the convention forced it upon him." The President's statement seems to the New York *Herald Tribune* to be merely an expression of personal feeling, to be disregarded in the case of an imperative call, and this leading Eastern Republican daily believes firmly "that such a call will come, and that he will respond to it." Similarly the New York *Sun* (Ind.) points out that Mr. Coolidge has not said what he would do if the Republican national convention renominated him. The Wall Street *Journal's* Washington correspondent suggests that factors may develop which may make a demand for Mr. Coolidge's candidacy "so strong that his own personal wishes will have to be submerged for the interests of his party and the country." Editorially *The Wall Street Journal* hints that the statement from Rapid City may have been nothing more than a test of public opinion. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) similarly views the Coolidge statement as a "trial balloon." Perhaps, says the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Ind. Dem.), it may develop that the Coolidge declaration "has a sizable backdoor through which the President, not overly large in stature, may make a dignified reappearance in the campaign." In the West, the Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) "believes public sentiment will insist that in spite of his personal preference, the Republican party will renominate him in 1928." "It is not too much" for the Tacoma *Ledger* "to expect that President Coolidge will be asked—drafted, if you will—by the American people to step into the breach and assure the nation another four years of prosperity." Such matters as Presidential nominations "are not to be disposed of purely on a basis of personal choice," remarks the Los Angeles *Times*, and another Los Angeles daily, *The Express*, considers Coolidge "still available."

Taking the Coolidge statement at face value, however, the political writers find it very hard to explain why the President issued it. Practically all editors and correspondents agree that the President had the nomination in his grasp, even tho there would have been a certain amount of opposition from certain of the Western agricultural States. Even his political enemies, writes Raymond G. Carroll in the New York *Evening Post*, "have conceded his renomination and reelection." Richard V. Oulahan of the New York *Times* reasons that the President may have felt that his major work has been done and that he would have difficulty in putting through his program for another four years.

Senator Brookhart, a militant member of the "farm bloc," insists that President Coolidge "is forced from the race because of the persistent demand of the farmers for economic equality," and the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* (Rep.) calls the declination "unquestionably a great victory for Western agriculture." It is suggested by the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.) and the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* (Dem.) that President Coolidge's only reason for not running is the traditional objection to a third term. Acting as he did on this motive, President Coolidge, in the opinion of the Detroit *News*, "has given a new interpretation to the unwritten rule of limited tenure that will profoundly influence the course of future events."

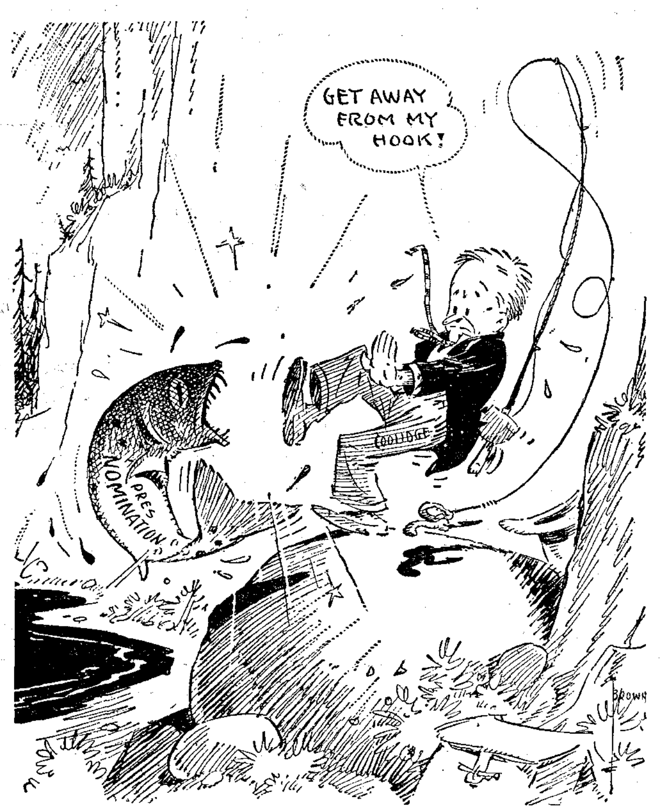
Several writers, while admitting that President Coolidge's health is good, emphasize the lines of weariness and worry that have recently appeared on his face. Newspaper men have noticed an increasing irritability and other evidences of the burden of office. The loss of her son Calvin and the threatening letters which have made it necessary to guard her other son John are said to have told on Mrs. Coolidge's nerves, and she has frequently remarked, it is reported, that the wife of the President of the United States has practically no private life.

At any rate, declares the New York *Times* (Dem.), whatever may have been Mr. Coolidge's reasons and whatever interpretations politicians may place upon his announcement, that announcement has certainly altered the whole political map. He has "spurred both political parties to unwonted activity at this stage of the political campaign." He has "given the signal to all the other Republican candidacies to come out in the open," we are told. The immediate effect of this "political bombshell," in the opinion of the Democratic Boston *Post*, must be "to throw the Republican party machine into confusion and enormously strengthen the hopes of Democrats everywhere." This paper adds that "there is not a really popular and powerful Republican candidate in sight." On this particular point the Republican Chicago *Tribune* begs to differ, insisting that any one of the leading Republicans whose candidacies are now being discust can win in 1928, its confidence being "based on the fact that the Democratic party is fatally divided."



OUT OF A CLEAR SKY!

—Sykes in the New York *Evening Post*.



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CHOOSING AND ANGLING

—Brown in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

At this stage the leading Republicans mentioned for the nomination are careful to make only noncommittal statements. But the press correspondents go into long discussion of their comparative strength. Summing up gossip appearing in the correspondence of leading New York papers from Washington and Rapid City, it appears that ex-Governor Lowden, Vice-President Dawes, Secretary Hoover, Speaker Longworth, Senator Borah, and ex-Secretary Hughes loom most conspicuously. Mr. Lowden is held to have the advantage of an openly announced candidacy and the support of a group of agricultural States in the Middle West. Secretary Hoover is considered to have the advantage of whatever there may be forthcoming in the way of Administration support, the confidence of big business, and an increased popularity in the Mississippi Valley due to his work in connection with the recent floods. He is also said to have an active organization and considerable strength in his own State of California, but against this must be balanced distinct unpopularity in the important farm States. Vice-President Dawes is credited with strength both with the farmers and the financiers and an increasing political prestige and popularity with Washington politicians, as well as possessing a forceful personality for campaigning purposes. Ex-Secretary Hughes is said to have the confidence of President Coolidge and the support of his own State of New York, but he has recently spoken of himself as too old to run in 1928. Senator Borah is also reported to possess the good-will of President Coolidge. But in this free-for-all other names also appear conspicuously, among them those of Speaker Longworth, extremely popular on Capitol Hill, but unlikely to be Ohio's favorite son in the convention; the two Ohio Senators—Fess and Willis; Senator Watson; Judge Kenyon; Secretary Mellon; Senator Norris, with the support of the La Follette radicals; Nicholas Murray Butler; ex-Governor Pinchot; Senator Capper; Secretary of War Davis; ex-Senator Wadsworth of New York; Senator Moses; and Senator Hiram Johnson, is mentioned, altho he himself disclaims any intention of running.

Naturally, remarks Senator Borah, various candidates will be brought out to contest for the nomination Mr. Coolidge has renounced, but, he suggests in a letter to the New York *Times*, "it will be a magnificent thing if the Republican party now in power would devote the next six months to legislation, to shaping and forming principles and policies, instead of wrangling over individual candidates:

> "In view of the pressing and important nature of some of the questions which now confront us, it would be almost a disaster for the party to plunge into a campaign over individual candidates.
>
> "In some respects the party is in a better position to work effectively and to legislate than had President Coolidge been regarded as still a candidate. None of the important questions—farm-relief, flood-relief, tax-reduction—are really party questions, and yet all are susceptible of being made so."

That President Coolidge now has a rare opportunity to advance his program, the New York *Journal of Commerce* agrees:

> "With the best will in the world the President could not maintain a positive stand on farm-relief, develop a program of flood-control, or propose a plan for tax-reduction that the country would judge without partizan bias if he were actively seeking reelection. Moreover, he would, under such circumstances, be constantly hampered by the counsels of those acting always with an eye to the impression being produced and the votes won or lost in consequence of the stand taken. Now he can more easily resist dangerous compromises upon matters of farm-relief legislation that some members of his party would like to force upon him; he can insist more persuasively upon the need for thoughtful instead of hasty consideration of the question of flood-control, and he can more effectually remove the question of tax-reduction from the sphere of party politics, where it does not belong, and urge a program that has regard for the needs of the Treasury as well as the pocketbooks of the taxpayers."

President Coolidge's startling announcement unquestionably had a brief unsettling effect on business, as indicated by the flurry in the stock market the day after it was made. But, says J. C. Royle in a New York dispatch for the Consolidated Press, it is the almost unanimous sentiment of business men that it "will not affect materially the status of commerce, industry, and trade throughout the remainder of the year." However,

> "The announcement has injected into the situation an element of uncertainty. It has done in a minor way what the election year usually does, but has done it a trifle earlier. In a Presidential year bankers, manufacturers, agriculturists and business men in all lines are hesitant about their policies because of the uncertainty. Once that uncertainty has been removed, business usually goes ahead at an increased pace, irrespective of which party has been successful at the polls.
>
> "The Coolidge announcement was unsettling because, irrespective of political affiliations, business in general has had confidence in the attitude of the President.
>
> "The effect of the announcement on these factors in the country's life was mitigated by the terms in which it was delivered. Many business men say that the President has dulled the danger from opponents of a third term, and at the same time has left the way open for response to an unmistakable demand for his leadership from the rank and file of his party.
>
> "What worries the business man in this section about as much as the announcement is the reception accorded the same in part of the farming country. The farmers feel Mr. Coolidge is not so disposed to favor their demands as some other possible candidates. When all is said, the farmer is the best customer in the country. He buys in the aggregate over $9,500,000,000 worth of the goods which the raw-material producers, the manufacturers, the distributors and the retailers produce, carry and sell. His attitude is of importance to all, and the fact that this summer has not changed the 'winter of his discontent' has made many a business man pause.
>
> "All these effects, however, are temporary. The facts remain that the banks are full of money and that ample funds are available to finance legitimate business and commercial enterprises; that the factories are busy and employment is general; that merchants are finding buyer resistance in most sections less than earlier in the year; that building construction has shown a gain rather than a loss in recent weeks, and that crops promise to be profitable.
>
> "With that stable foundation, no announcement such as that delivered August 2 is going to kick the underpinning from beneath the business structure."

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How are two parachutes used in a "double drop"? (p. 36).
2. What famous military man predicted a war to come in the course of the next fifteen or twenty years? (p. 17).
3. What well-known New York preacher says we are coming to "progressive polygamy"? (p. 26).
4. Do dreams evoke conscious or subconscious images? (p. 19).
5. What may have caused the excessive use of perfumes by the Romans? (p. 21).
6. What father and son were court painters to Francis I, of France? (p. 25).
7. What is "ground flying"? (p. 38).
8. What continent does frozen Antarctica approximate in area? (p. 46).
9. With what Asiatic country is the American business man in strong competition with the British? (p. 16).
10. To what Jew are Southern negroes indebted? (p. 27).
11. What basic national industry showed diminishing profits last year? (p. 11).
12. Did the Greek theaters have boxes? (p. 22).
13. What recent great catastrophe remained unknown to the press of the world for more than two months? (p. 12).
14. In what region of this country may be found grown people who never heard of New York, Calvin Coolidge, or Henry Ford? (p. 44).
15. What was the shrinkage of our agricultural population between 1920 and 1925? (p. 11).
16. To what well-known hymn has a gas company dedicated a tablet? (p. 28).
17. What turned Emil Ludwig to writing history? (p. 24).
18. In what European city was held a meeting of the so-called Oppressed Nationalists? (p. 16).
19. Which is (a) colder in winter, (b) warmer in summer—the North or South Pole? (p. 46).
20. Who were the victims of the great tragedy of Antarctic discovery? (p. 49).
21. What two British Princes are visiting Canada? (p. 14).
22. What is the only form of war memorial in Manhattan? (p. 23).
23. How do the number of deaths caused by the use of automobiles and airplanes compare with deaths by disease? (p. 20).
24. Who is the Prime Minister of Great Britain? (p. 14).
25. What kind of trees suffer most from lightning? (p. 18).

THE SACCO-VANZETTI CASE

WITH THE WORLD AS AN AUDIENCE, the final act of the famous Sacco-Vanzetti drama was played and the curtain rung down on August 3, when Governor Fuller, of Massachusetts, after a review of the evidence by himself and a commission of three distinguished Massachusetts citizens, ruled that the principals in this South Braintree murder case had had a fair trial, and that the sentence of death must be carried out. With a few scattered exceptions, the heads in American editorial sanctums bowed in acquiescence. "There have been miscarriages of justice in the United States," admits the Omaha *Bee*, "but in this case Governor Fuller called to his aid a committee of three citizens who would not lend their names to any verdict other than a just verdict." Other dailies say the same thing of the Governor, himself. "No men, convicted by due process of law, ever had greater consideration," declares the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. "The Governor conducted a lengthy and exhaustive investigation, and presumably gathered all the information possible before reaching his conclusion that the accused had had a fair trial," believes the Montgomery *Advertiser*. "He has spared neither time nor strength," agrees the New York *Times;* "the fact that the commission of high-minded and impartial men—President Lowell, of Harvard; President Stratton, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and ex-Judge Robert Grant—agreed with the Governor's conclusions indicates that the case was gone into with the utmost thoroughness, and with a conscientious determination to do the right thing." Said Governor Fuller, in a statement setting forth the result of his investigation:

International Newsreel photograph

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI AND NICOLA SACCO

> "The inquiry that I have conducted has had to do with the following questions: Was the jury trial fair? Were the accused entitled to a new trial? Are they guilty or not guilty?
>
> "As to the first question, complaint has been made that the defendants were prosecuted and convicted because they were anarchists. As a matter of fact, the issue of anarchy was brought in by them as an explanation of their suspicious conduct.
>
> "I have consulted with every member of the jury now alive, eleven in number. They considered the judge fair. Affidavits have been presented claiming that the judge was prejudiced. I see no evidence of prejudice in his conduct of the trial.
>
> "The allegation has been made that conditions in the courtroom were prejudicial to the accused. After careful inquiry of the jury and others I find no evidence to support this allegation. I find the jurors were thoroughly honest men, and that they were reluctant to find these men guilty, but were forced to do so by the evidence.
>
> "As the result of my study of the record and my personal investigation of the case, including my interviews with a large number of witnesses, I believe, with the jury, that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty and that the trial was fair.
>
> "After the verdict against these men, their counsel filed and argued before Judge Thayer seven distinct supplementary motions for a new trial, six of them on the ground of newly discovered evidence, all of which were denied. I have examined all of these motions and read the affidavits in support of them to see whether they presented any valid reason for granting the accused men a new trial. I am convinced that they do not.
>
> "The supreme judicial court for the Commonwealth, which had before it appeals in four of the motions, and had the opportunity to read the same affidavits which were submitted to Judge Thayer, declined to sustain the contentions.
>
> "The next question, and the most vital question of all, is that of the guilt or innocence of the accused. In this connection I reviewed the Bridgewater attempted hold-up for which Vanzetti had previously been tried before another jury, and found guilty. I believe with the jury that Vanzetti was guilty, and that his trial was fair.
>
> "This task of review has been a laborious one, and I am proud to be associated in this public service with clear-eyed witnesses unafraid to tell the truth, and with jurors who discharged their obligations in accordance with their convictions and their oaths.
>
> "As a result of my investigation, I find no sufficient justification for executive intervention."

The Sacco-Vanzetti case, it is generally agreed, is without precedent in criminal history for the amount of international concern it has aroused. In the six or seven years that it has been discust in the country's press, THE DIGEST has published a number of articles setting forth the views of those who believe the two Italian immigrants were victims of the courts, and the opinions of those who maintain that they had a fair deal. The most recent article appeared in the April 23 number.

That Governor Fuller found himself in an unenviable position is the remark of the Houston *Post-Dispatch;* that he went into the matter thoroughly and painstakingly is the conviction of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. Moreover, avers this paper, "whatever one's private opinion on the merits of the case may happen to be, the decision of Governor Fuller ought to be accepted as ending the matter."

On the contrary, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is just as clearly of the opinion that "Sacco and Vanzetti were persecuted partly because they were aliens, partly because they did not conform in their political ideas, and partly because a flimsy chain of evidence connected them with a crime which they, in all human probability, did not commit." And, while it recognizes the thoroughness of the Fuller inquiry, the New York *Evening World* reminds us that—

> "These two men never had a trial on the evidence except before one judge, and he almost certainly a very opinionated man and, possibly, a prejudiced man. They never had their case judicially reviewed as to the adequacy and certainty of the facts on which they were convicted.
>
> "The fact remains that the identifications were singularly inconclusive and often self-contradictory; that the bullet which killed the paymaster was never identified beyond all reasonable doubt as having gone through the barrel of Sacco's revolver.
>
> "And there remain the facts of a prior record for one, at least, of the accused—and possibly for both—of honest industry and a life unassociated with such crimes as that for which they must die."

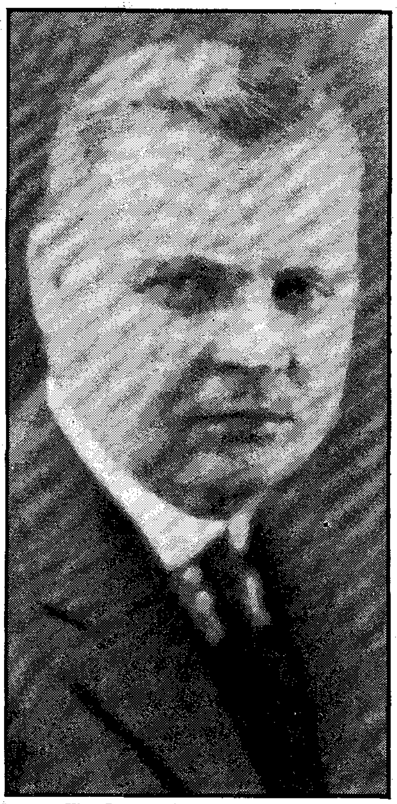
In the opinion of the New York *Telegram*, one of a chain of twenty-five Scripps-Howard dailies, "Governor Fuller's decision doesn't settle the world-wide controversy as to their guilt, or whether they had a fair trial." We read on:

> "While the Governor himself and his specially appointed commission find that the condemned men had a fair trial, their explanation of their finding isn't convincing enough to change the minds of those who honestly believe the trial judge was prejudiced. What the world demanded was a new trial in open court, before a jury of peers of the indicted men and an impartial judge. What it finally got from Governor Fuller and his commission was a trial in star chamber and a public statement of a decision based on secret hearing of evidence.
>
> "So Governor Fuller hasn't helped a vicious situation. He hasn't vindicated Judge Thayer. He hasn't increased respect for the laws, the courts and judicial procedure of Massachusetts."

INDIANA'S POLITICAL SCANDAL

YOU CAN HEAR A PIN DROP IN INDIANA, as one editor puts it, since David C. Stephenson has fulfilled his long-standing threat to "tell all" regarding his political deeds and associates in the days before he was in prison for murder, and was still wielding the power of State Republican boss and Ku Klux Grand Dragon. But if Indiana politicians are supposed to be walking softly, the press of the entire country is commenting without reserve upon what it generally regards as a dark chapter in Indiana's political history.

According to the militant editor of the Vincennes *Commercial* (Rep.), who has been trying to "pry the lid off" for nearly a year, the new developments show the need of "a thorough housecleaning for Indiana's State House and the State Republican organizations." "The horrible story from Indiana," the Wichita *Beacon* thinks, "explains why the Ku Klux Klan has withered and died." In the opinion of the Omaha *Bee*, "Indiana will not soon recover from the blight this man put on the State." Stephenson's former political associates, the Springfield *Union* remarks, have reason to pick up their morning paper these days with apprehension and a pair of tongs.



Keystone View Company photograph

WANTS COMPANY IN PRISON

D. C. Stephenson, ex-boss of Indiana, who says he will help some of his former political associates to join him behind the bars.

When Stephenson made his first statement on July 6 to Prosecutor William Remy, and others, in the penitentiary at Michigan City, a correspondent of the New York *World* telegraphed to his paper:

> "The former Dragon's listeners admitted they were amazed as he unfolded a tale of his manipulation of the State Legislature in 1925; told who his lieutenants were in that body; of how he passed or killed legislative measures demanding monetary tribute; how he forced office-seekers to sign preelection promises before favoring them with his support, and how literally he bought municipal elections and hired his work done through trusted lieutenants. Stephenson also told how he claims to have financed to a large extent the campaign of Gov. Ed Jackson."

The object of these revelations, in the opinion of the New York *Times*, is revenge upon former friends for not getting him out of prison. That paper says:

> "Ever since Stephenson went to jail on a life sentence for murder, he has let it be known that he expected the Indiana politicians, with whom he did business for years, to provide him with a reprieve or pardon. He once remarked that if he ever told his story they would have to build an entirely new political wing of the Michigan City jail. But neither reprieve nor pardon has come, so Stephenson has begun his construction work on the jail wing."

Stephenson's "little black box," which has provided a theme for many newspaper articles, both humorous and grave, was finally handed over to the prosecutor on July 23; there were, indeed, two black metal boxes filled with his private papers, besides some 10,000 letters and other documents. When the more important of these exhibits began to be published, a few each day, in the Indianapolis *Times* (Ind.), it soon became apparent that Governor Jackson was the center of attack. Among the items of interest was a facsimile of a check for $2,500, made out to Ed Jackson and countersigned by him; attached to the canceled check was a note in which Stephenson asserted that it was part of a $10,000 contribution to Jackson's gubernatorial campaign. This called forth from the Governor a formal statement in which he said:

> "In order that no one may be misled or deceived by this false statement, I want to state to the public that the check for $2,500 given to me by D. C. Stephenson was in payment for a very valuable saddle horse and equipment, a legitimate business transaction. This transaction occurred the year before I was a candidate for Governor, and months before I knew that I would be a candidate. This check, the only one D. C. Stephenson ever gave me, was given long before Mr. Stephenson was charged with any crime."

Another document produced from the black boxes is a letter alleged to have been written by Stephenson to the Governor in October, 1924, and stating that he had spent $73,216 during the primary in behalf of Jackson's campaign.

When a new grand jury was called—the third to look into the evidence on this subject—Mr. Stephenson himself was transported to Indianapolis and spent five hours before the jurors, telling them what he knew about the political network of which, we are told, he was the center. The grand jury later announced that it would spend the month of August in sifting the evidence.

Editors in both political camps voice the conviction that there is "something rotten" in the Hoosier State. Replying to a statement by Senator Watson, of Indiana, that the Klan no longer cuts much of a figure, and that "the people as a whole don't put much stock in the charges, anyway," the South Bend *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) says:

> "Many can be found to differ with him. In this section of the State, at least, judging from public discussion, the charges have moved public opinion to a considerable extent, and have strengthened the feeling among Republicans that the Republican party in the State should purge itself of those persons who appear to have been closely allied with Stephenson. Judging from the Republican press of Indiana, the same feeling exists elsewhere."

It was a bad business all around, in the opinion of *The Mail* (Ind. Rep.) of Charleston, West Virginia, which adds that neither party in Indiana can escape the charge of corruption, and that "the people must undergo a change of attitude and be more particular about whom they appoint to public office." In this connection the Pittsburgh *Sun* (Ind. Dem.) observes:

> "The deplorable part about the revelations of shocking political conditions in Indiana is that Indiana has one of the highest voting records in the union. Indiana has been referred to time after time as one State where citizens are citizens; and as one in which the parties are evenly divided to keep government on an even keel. Now it is revealed that, in spite of this high degree of citizen interest, and in spite of the fact that Indiana has a minority party in a real fighting sense, Indiana's politics have gone to rot. What, it will be asked, does it matter whether citizens vote when so little good comes of it?"

"Our good, old, clean Indiana—the Indiana of James Whitcomb Riley—is gone, and I do not know when it will be restored to us," laments Meredith Nicholson, one of Indiana's favorite novelists. Quoting this, the Chicago *Tribune* (Ind. Rep.) ascribes the change to the work of "a few fanatics" who have "made a lemon of as good an apple as America ever saw."

THE FARMER'S BACK-BREAKING BURDEN

THE MIGHTIEST PROBLEM confronting the American people to-day, in the opinion of the Boston *Post*, is the unfavorable position of our farmers in the economic scheme of things, as revealed by the Department of Agriculture's latest report. While President Coolidge is summering in the Black Hills, and devoting a good deal of his time to the study of this problem and to tempering the disaffection that is said to hang like a cloud over the Middle West, his Secretary of Agriculture gives to the press a statement that bolsters up, with figures, the farmer's contention that his financial condition is almost unbearable. Summarized, the statement amounts to this: The farmer's average net return for 1926 was $1,133, as against $1,297 in 1925. Furthermore, we are reminded by the Washington *News*, "there is not a cent allowed for interest on the farmer's land and equipment." If 6 per cent. interest were allowed on the average investment of $16,308, and the amount —$978—deducted from the average net return for last year, it will be found, explains this Scripps-Howard daily, that the American farmer realized about $155 for his labors and those of his family.

In a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, dated July 24, we learn that—

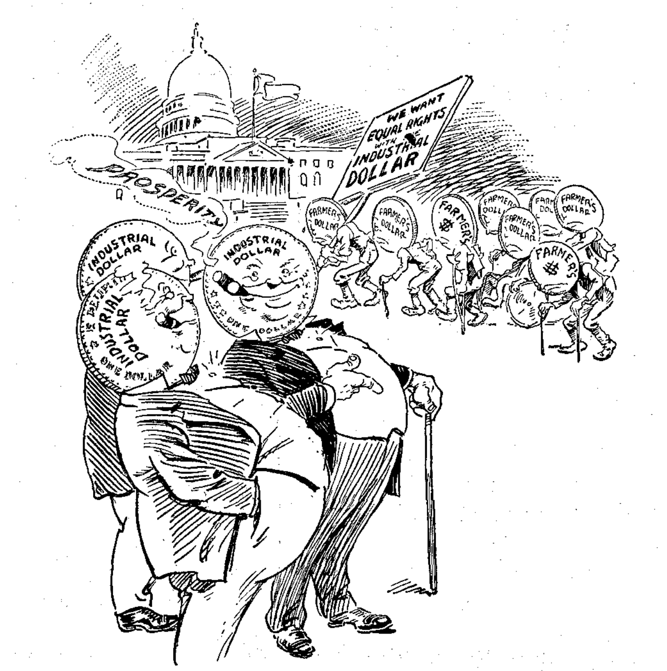
> "Farming was less profitable to the average farmer in 1926 than in any year since 1923, the Department of Agriculture announced to-day after its annual survey. Reports from 13,475 farmers in all parts of the country disclose that the average net return on farms of 315 acres last year was $1,133. The net return of this size farm was $1,297 in 1925, and $1,205 in 1924."

Farm papers apparently are going to let the Department's figures speak for themselves, but *The Manufacturers Record*, of Baltimore, has this to say after reading the report:

> "The farmer who plows and sows and reaps is carrying on a business just as vital to the welfare of the country as that of the railroads, the public-service corporations, or other interests; but the farmer feels that he is not given a fair show. He knows that the railroads are permitted by governmental authority to charge a freight rate that will yield a fair profit on their investment. He knows that public-service corporations are protected by State and municipal authorities to the point where they are permitted to earn a fairly large profit on their investment. He knows that industrial interests, when the market will not absorb their output on a profitable basis, can shut down their plants and not be forced to run at a loss.
>
> "Unlike the railroads, which are permitted to charge a freight rate yielding a profit, or the management of industrial corporations, which can close their plants at any moment however great may be the hardship, the farmer must plow and sow often six months or a year in advance of the reaping, and he can not, therefore, shut down his plant, nor can he call upon the Government for Federal aid.
>
> "The farmer feels that if the railroads and the industrial interests can appeal to Congress for protection to their investments, he must in some way have a right to do the same thing; but how this can be brought about is a problem which has not yet been solved. Its importance, however, demands the most careful study of the business people, the industrial leaders, and the railroad managers, not only for their future safety against agrarian legislation, but for the broadest prosperity of all interests.
>
> "There can be no permanent prosperity for railroad and industrial interests unless there is prosperity for agriculture. Too long have the farmers been ignored. Too long have the real and serious problems of farm life been ignored or put aside by men of affairs. That situation must be changed. The farmer must have his inning."

The figures furnished by the Department of Agriculture, declares the Houston *Chronicle*, "are enough to illustrate the serious situation. It is not a situation to be ignored; it is something demanding new and far-reaching remedies." Still other figures showing the farmer's unenviable position are published in the news pages of the Chicago *Tribune*. We are told that—

> "Dr. Henry C. Taylor, of Northwestern University, after nearly a year's research, finds that for the five-year period, 1909 through 1913, the farmers' income averaged 20.7 per cent. of the national aggregate. The peak year of that period was 1910, with the farmers' income at 21.7, and the lowest year was 1911, with 20.2 per cent. In 1925, 10.2 per cent. was the farmers' portion.
>
> "Dr. Taylor says the average share of agriculture in the national income during the last five years has been 10.3 per cent., or less than half of what it was before the World War. His statistics have included not only agriculture's cash receipts, but the market value of the products consumed by the farmers, their families, and laborers, and also the rental values of the houses in which the farmers live.



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ANOTHER EQUAL-RIGHTS MOVEMENT IS ON
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

> "Furthermore, as a result of this depression in agriculture, the agricultural population shrank 2,000,000 persons between 1920 and 1925, while the population of the United States as a whole increased 8,500,000."

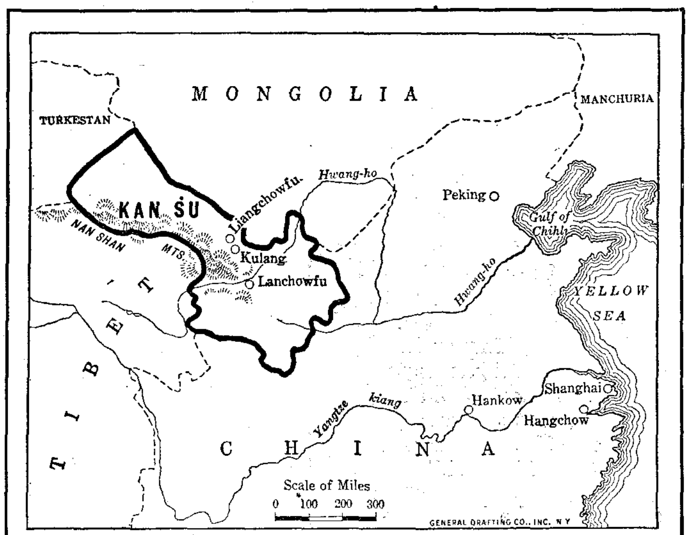
"Nor does the record end there," asserts the Boston *Post*. According to this New England daily:

> "The staggering burden borne by the American farmer during the past six years is responsible for reactions exprest in other data. American wheat acreage has shrunk 12,000,000 acres during that period, cattle-raising has dropt by 7,000,000 head, and 19,000,000 acres have reverted to uncultivated waste.
>
> "After these years of distress, eased by occasional and impermanent economic improvement of his plight, the American farmer to-day finds that the purchasing power of his dollar, in terms of non-agricultural commodities, stands almost exactly where it stood in 1920, out of all but shouting distance from the industrial dollar.
>
> "Last year 649,000 farmers, discouraged, quit the land to flock cityward, thus swelling the industrial population of food consumers while diminishing the number of food producers. Every such migrant from farm to city represents a shift of two units: he no longer feeds himself; he no longer works to produce basic commodities for others. The political effects of all this are reflected in steadily growing restiveness throughout the whole middle and northwestern section of our country.
>
> "Well, where do we go from here? William E. Dodd, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, sees the trends of drift and indifference on the one hand, and the reckless hostility to every effort toward solution by broad experiment on the other, carrying the whole nation steadily away from its foundations toward a régime of economic serfdom for the growers of food and industrial feudalism for the city workers.
>
> "One thing is surely beyond debate: he is right in urging that this is the mightiest problem confronting the American people to-day. It can not be dodged."

THE LOST EARTHQUAKE

IN THESE DAYS of world-wide communication by radio, cable, and telegraph; of almost instantaneous news distribution; of transatlantic airplanes and telephone service, it is astounding that news of one of the world's greatest catastrophes has required more than two months to reach American newspapers. "Time and distance have dwindled, but there are still hidden places," observes the Washington *Post.* One of these, it seems, is Kansu, a province lying in the northwest corner of China proper, between Tibet and Mongolia. On May 23 an earthquake, duly registered on the seismographs of the United States and other nations, but not definitely located, devastated an area in Kansu, roughly 100 by 300 miles in extent, and killed perhaps 100,000 people, yet the outside world knew nothing of the details until a letter from the head of a Catholic mission in the stricken area was given to the world by a Shanghai correspondent on July 28. As *The Post* explains: "Kansu's inhabitants might almost be upon another planet, so far as the advantages of civilization and contact with the world are concerned."

The person responsible for the first report of the Kansu earthquake, according to the Shanghai correspondent of The Associated Press, is Mgr. Theodore Buddenbrock, head of the Steyl Mission at Liangchowfu, Kansu Province, who happened to be at Sisiang at the time of the disaster. In a letter to his colleagues at Shanghai he says, in part:



SCENE OF THE CHINESE EARTHQUAKE

The Province of Kansu, in Northwest China, was devastated by a violent earthquake on May 23, but the world did not hear of it until July 28. An area approximately 300 by 100 miles was affected by the tremors, the cities of Sisiang, Liangchowfu, and Kulang, together with innumerable villages, being completely destroyed. This province was visited by an earthquake seven years ago which, like the recent one, is said to have killed 100,000 persons.

"May 23 was the most fateful day in the history of northwest Kansu. Nature's forces claimed a frightful holocaust of human beings, an earthquake so terrible that I thought the end of the world had arrived. We have stood on the brink of eternity and our escape was nothing short of miraculous.

"The magnitude of the calamity is still unknown, and may never be known. Destruction of the post-offices and telegraph stations explains the failure of the news to reach the outside world. The loss of life is many thousands, and may exceed 100,000. The misery of the survivors is indescribable.

"Doubtless here is one of the world's greatest catastrophes, requiring international help. We need medicines, food, and money. We are living in mud huts, our members moving from place to place.

"The Sister Superior at Sisiang was attending mass, and was killed when the chapel collapsed. When her body was recovered it was found to be covering two children who still were alive.

"Sisiang, our largest center, was entirely destroyed. About us hundreds of villages met the same fate. Liangchowfu, with a population of 80,000, was razed, only the bare walls remaining. Kulang, southward of Liangchowfu, no longer exists.

"Southwest of Liangchowfu we had many fine missions. Now all are gone. One village is buried beneath the mountains, which crumbled."

That an earthquake of such violence could have occurred anywhere on the face of the world in these days of fast communication by land, overseas, and through the air, and more than two months elapse before the news reached printing-presses, seems unbelievable to the Pittsburgh *Post.* "It is a reminder of the vastness of this earth, a rebuke to those who assume that man's inventions have already conquered the last, far-flung frontiers." In the opinion of the Troy *Record:*

"The tardy report of the Kansu disaster bowls over our proud boast that modern science has so knit the four corners of the earth together that whatever happens one day in far-distant lands is read the same night at the dinner table or the next morning at the breakfast table. Despite telephone, telegraph, wireless, and the airplane, one-half the world continues not to know how the other half lives.

"Our world is but a small unit in a vast universe, yet it is fearfully large when we consider that a hundred thousand lives can be snuffed out with one fell blow and the remainder of mankind is none the wiser until weeks have passed and the news slowly trickles out. Such a disaster could not happen in any part of the New World, nor in Europe, without an immediate report. It can happen, however, in China, and, happening, it means that there is one large section of inhabitable land that, in spite of all our scientific advance, is a world not yet conquered."

As the New York *Times* points out:

"Not only travel, but every form of communication in the interior of China is almost as primitive as in the days when Marco Polo made his way across Central Asia. Travel is slow and the roads often are difficult to traverse. This is especially true on some of the main highways in the West, where the traffic and the rains of a thousand years have transformed a road into a gully. This is often so narrow that when two ox-carts meet they can not pass, and there results a delay which usually consumes many hours, during which the drivers of the opposing teams belabor each other's ancestors with insults and indignities.

"The railroads in China are few and connect only the main 'treaty ports.' Hence they do little to hasten the process of communication with the interior. Telegraph lines have been laid to connect the principal cities, but the system is far from complete.

"The lack of communications binding together the different provinces of China is, of course, one of the greatest obstacles in the way of spreading modern ideas or of forwarding the conception of nationalism or unity. The principle is so old that it was accepted even in the days of Rome—that good communications are essential for the preservation of imperial—and even of national—unity.

"But it has been China's loss that her leaders acquiesced in the dislike of the people for the extensive construction of roads, railroads, and telegraph lines on Chinese soil. As a result, the battle of modernism against medievalism is destined to be long and costly."

In the Washington *Star* we learn that—

"Kansu Province lies in the northwest corner of China proper, between Tibet and Mongolia. It is just below the Gobi Desert, a high mountainous region, the Nan-Shan Mountains rising to great heights. The cities that were affected by the earthquake of May 23 lie on the northern slopes of the range. It is densely populated, tho remote from the better known centers of inhabitation in China, and communications are extremely difficult. It is reached by caravans, which have to traverse long stretches of arid land.

"In point of magnitude, the Kansu disaster ranges with some of the greatest in history. The casualty list was not as large as that of the Japanese earthquake of September, 1923, when over 103,000 were wounded and 143,000 were killed. The present estimate of 100,000 dead in Kansu is likely to be only a rough approximation. The true toll may be far greater, tho it is to be doubted if it will ever be known, owing to the character of the region and the lack of efficient government."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Well, Jack laid out Jack and the public laid out jack, too.—*Dallas News.*

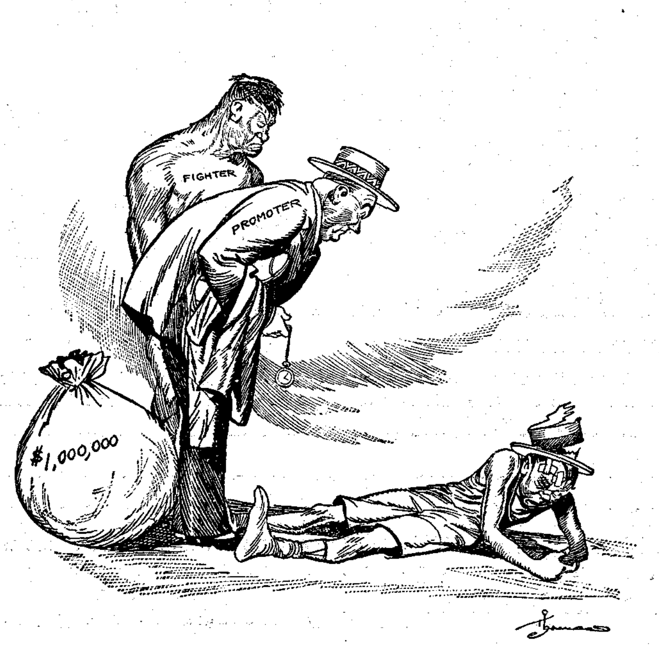
You can't get experience in this world on the easy-payment plan.—*Des Moines Capital.*

The man who has no future is the man who always thinks of the future as to-morrow.—*El Paso Times.*

A New York professor says that married men are much more inventive than single men. They have to be.—*Punch.*

Rival Chicago beer barons are threatening each other again. These fellows are eternally at lager heads.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

As we understand the policy of the new King of Roumania, he is for more lollipops and fewer spankings.—*Dallas News.*



THE BIG QUESTION—CAN THE FIGHT FAN COME BACK?

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

Educator says one of the nation's greatest problems is what to do with the illiterates. Why not put 'em to writing popular songs? — *Arkansas Gazette.*

What the Democratic party needs is a platform that will provide a medium between government running private business and private business running government.—*El Paso Times.*

Another interesting speculation is whether the girls will continue to be satisfied with their present finish or whether in time they will take to wall-papering themselves.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A fashion note advises women to dress to match their personality. If this is the vogue, one might judge that women have little personality these days.—*Russellville* (*Ark.*) *Courier-Democrat.*

A snuff company has been ordered to stop price fixing. Now let's go after the hitching-post trusts.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

Dempsey and Tunney may fight in Chicago, where it will seem pretty tame unless they give them guns.—*American Lumberman.*

It is stated that there is work for all in Rhodesia. How can they expect to get immigrants if they say things like that?—*Punch.*

"What's wrong with American politics?" editorially asks an editorial asker. Our Democratic opinion is that it's elephantiasis. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

The imperial harem of Turkey is to be opened as a museum, but the most interesting exhibits have, apparently, been removed. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Politicians claim that Mrs. Coolidge is worth $1,000,000 to the Republican party. Evidently then she must be Cal's saving Grace.—*El Paso Times.*

The fortunate thing in connection with not being able to fool all the people all the time is that all we need is a majority in the electoral college once every four years.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Those of our earnest fellow partizans who regard a ship subsidy as a mere subvention and a third term as a second elective term are now casting about for a good name for imperialism.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The fact that a labor-union has assessed its members $7,200,000 to protect its banking and other interests would indicate that the only thing red in American labor ranks is the cent.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

An arms conference S. O. S. stands for Same Old Suspicion.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

We can always pick one winner in every big fight. His name is Tex Rickard.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Well, so far nobody has connected the Jerusalem earthquake with the Ford apology.—*Dallas News.*

So far, every photograph radioed from Europe looks as tho it had encountered a rough crossing.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The farmer and the lawmaker can both raise the value of their product by limiting output.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"Hogs Move Up," says a market report. We wish they would in our street-cars.—*American Lumberman.*

For the benefit of European critics it might be pointed out that we do our dollar chasing largely in our own country.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

After dictating to his stenographer for seven years, a New York man has married her. Well, it was about time for a turn-about.—*Charleston Mail.*

In a few years that floating university will probably be succeeded by a flying university, assuring our youth a higher education.—*Louisville Times.*

A defender of Calvin's worm-fishing was at first denied radio privileges. There is practically no indirect advertising value in worms.—*Dallas News.*

"Mother, spanking small son, loses $3,000 bracelet," reads a head-line.

One time when it really did hurt her more than him.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Pilsudski has dissolved the Polish Sejm. So it won't be necessary to look up again what the Polish Sejm is.—*Dallas News.*

Next to Lindbergh's feat, the greatest sensation will be the fiftieth wedding anniversary of a movie couple.—*Indianapolis Star.*

Edison thinks people should eat the same thing every day. Nature designed that man to run a boarding-house.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

We are informed by a weekly paper that the skin of the hippopotamus is two inches thick, but then he wants it with a face like that.—*Punch.*

The least we can say about Marshal Haig's statement that the United States didn't win the war is that it was very un-American.—*El Paso Times.*

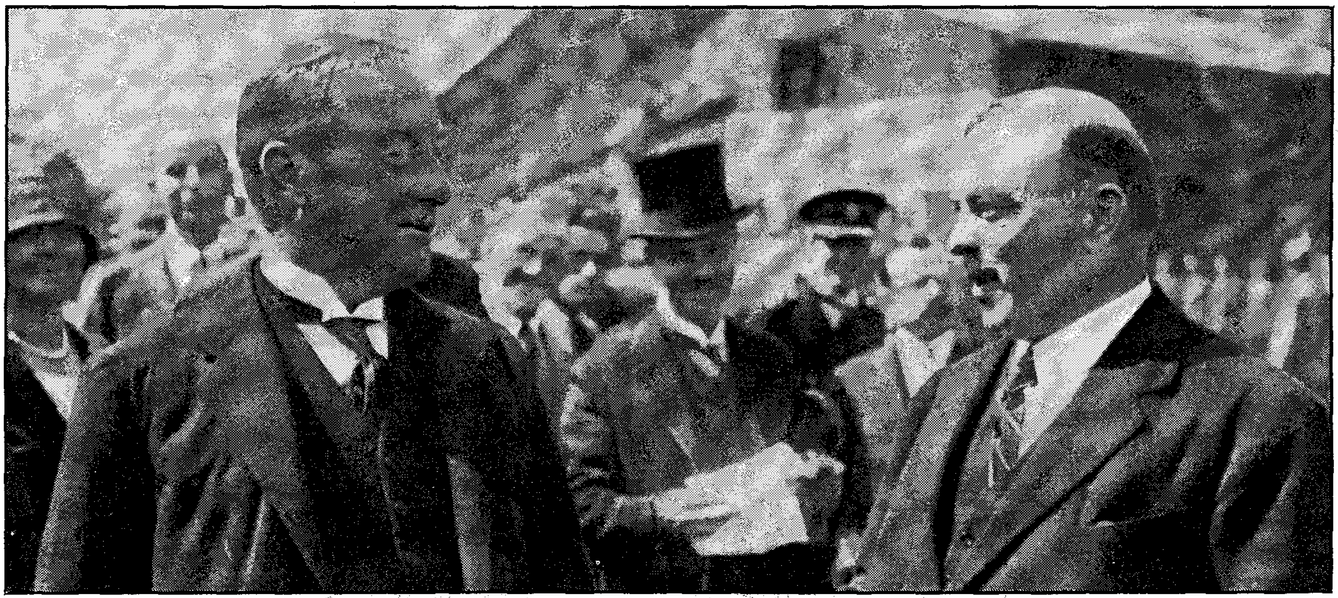
A naturalist says that ants move faster in summer than they do in winter. Of course. They do not have to hurry to picnics in winter.—*Louisville Times.*

Most of the men who have to pay big income taxes are rather hardened to such things. They started early by taxing their brains.—*Los Angeles Times.*

In another ten years, says General Patrick, it will be perfectly safe to travel by air. Long before that, however, if traffic continues as at present, it won't be safe to travel anywhere else. —*San Diego Union.*

A few months make a great difference. The other day a British stenographer set out to swim the English Channel and the only way she could break into the newspapers was to come near drowning.—*New York Evening Post.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



P. & A. photograph

GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER MEETS THE PREMIER OF CANADA

Premier Stanley Baldwin of Great Britain and Premier Mackenzie King of Canada meeting at Quebec on Mr. Baldwin's beginning of his "mission of empire." It is said that this is the first time a Prime Minister of Great Britain has visited an overseas Dominion during his term of office.

PREMIER BALDWIN'S "MISSION OF EMPIRE"

FOR THE FIRST TIME in history a Prime Minister of Great Britain set foot on Canadian soil when Premier Stanley Baldwin arrived at Quebec with Mrs. Baldwin and their Royal Highnesses, the Prince of Wales and Prince George. He came to Canada, Mr. Baldwin told the press representatives who met him, "to try and interpret my own country to Canada," and he exprest the hope to "get sufficient insight into your problems to be of real use to you and the Empire when I get back." In commenting on Mr. Baldwin's visit to Canada, the Belfast *Northern Whig* calls attention to the fact that Mr. Amery, Britain's Secretary for the Dominions, is on a lengthy journey to different parts of the Empire, and it believes that both visits will give as great satisfaction throughout the Empire as they do at home. This newspaper goes on to say:

"At last people are beginning to realize what a wonderful possession they have in the British Empire, and the more Imperial Ministers travel in Dominions like Canada, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, the more they will become convinced that it is their paramount duty to do everything they can to develop these wonderful countries. There was a time when Little Englanders were anxious to get rid of the Colonies, but that day is past, and, with the exception of a few Socialist cranks, no one would now suggest that the Mother Country could continue to flourish if cut off from the Dominions. In modern times no one did more than the late Joseph Chamberlain to rouse the British people to a sense of their obligation to the Dominions, and the work that he did while he was at the Colonial Office still continues to bear fruit. It is an unfortunate fact that, owing to one thing and another, successive Governments since the war have not been able to give as much time and thought as they ought to purely domestic affairs. When we use the word domestic affairs, we mean the affairs of the Empire as a whole. The Prime Minister and Mr. Amery are sure to find in different parts of the Empire people who feel, and with some show of justification, that the Home Government gives too much time to the affairs of Europe at the expense of their own Empire. In Canada, particularly, a great many people think, and we agree with them, that it would pay Great Britain much better to attend to the development of the Empire rather than spending time in composing petty differences which arise continually among the nations of Europe."

In an address delivered at Ottawa, Mr. Baldwin made reference to the Imperial Conference held in London last fall, at which he presided, and he described its most important work as being "the unanimous report of the Committee on Inter-Imperial Relations," adding that:

"That committee was to attempt to define in a phrase the living relationship of all parts of the British Empire to one another, and to begin to work out the practical application of that relationship.

"This formula is founded on two principles—the essential equality of status of all the self-governing parts of the British Empire, and of the unity of the whole empire under the Crown.

"We are a practical people, and, granted that our status is clear, what we all want to know is how best we can carry on the every-day work of running not only our own countries but the British Empire. The view of the Imperial Conference was that no part of the Empire should henceforward act in external affairs, which are likely to affect the Commonwealth, without counting first what effect its own action might have on other parts of the Empire, and without giving those other parts a chance of expressing their views.

"We shall certainly—each of us—make mistakes. We may each sometimes act in a way that others do not desire. We may be reluctant to act when others want us to do so. It is even possible that we may, by forgetfulness or insufficient understanding, fail to consult each other when we should.

"But I am convinced that we shall all learn as the years go on, and I confess that I look on this consultative method of conducting external relations with more than individual interest as one of the most interesting and hopeful experiments in that great laboratory of political experiments, the British Empire."

It was revealed by Mr. Baldwin in a speech at Montreal, that England is devoting a considerable sum of money every year—a maximum of $5,000,000 in one year—to the services of the

Empire Marketing Board, designed to promote trade between England and the Dominions, and between the Dominions themselves. On this point he is quoted in the press as follows:

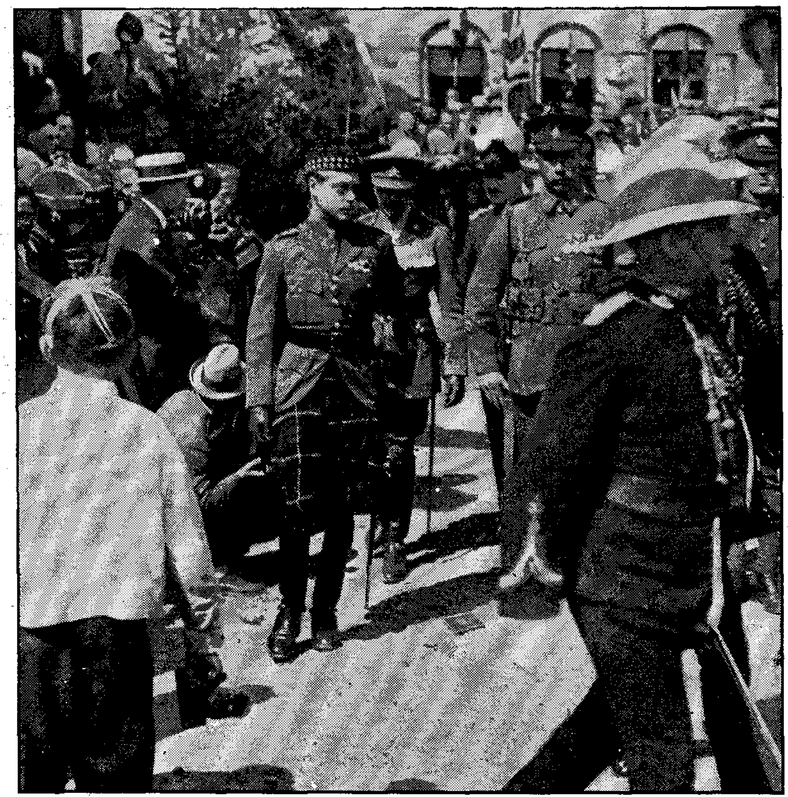
> "Let us never forget that we have in the Empire, especially in the tropical parts of it, enormous quantities of primary products which you can not possibly grow, but which you will need, things like rubber, cotton, and tea, altho I know you are growing sugar now and tobacco—and I believe successfully—yet it may be that for some years yet you will have to buy a considerable quantity from outside of Canada. Remember, then, to give the Empire your first choice in all these goods rather than go anywhere else. Remember this too: we in Britain have 40,000,000 of people who are consumers and who are doing an enormous lot of business with you. We have a great deal from Canada, and the more we buy, the better I shall be pleased.
>
> "But we can only buy successfully and as we ought to do if we can sell our goods; and the whole export trade, at any rate of the Old World, has been disorganized and thrown out of joint by the war.
>
> "We are recovering our position, struggling hard, but we are doing it. We are selling about one-half of our manufactured exports to the Dominions to-day, and they are incomparably our best markets."

Speaking of the future of Canada, Mr. Baldwin went on to declare that the highest test of statesmanship will be called for in that country in reconciling the interests of agriculture and industry, the interests of East and West, of binding together East and West and Central Canada to guard the progress of the country, and he added:

> "Give the best you have got in your men to guide the fortunes of your nation that, when in the future years she has attained that position which I pray to God she may attain, she may be a nation to which all the peoples of the world will look with respect and with affection, and it may be that she will still typify in the highest degree that magnificent civilization in which her roots were first planted centuries ago in Europe."

Mr. Baldwin was true to the best traditions of British statesmanship, remarks the Montreal *Daily Star*, when he strest the paramount importance of "public service," and this newspaper continues:

> "If one were seeking the sources of British power—the inner secrets of her truly amazing record of stedfastness in adversity and persistent pressing forward through all sorts of weather—he would infallibly find that one of the most pregnant of them was precisely this 'tradition of public service.'
>
> "This simply means that there are thousands of men in Great Britain who are quite willing to devote their time, energies, and talents to the service of the nation, without recompense, often without thought of glory and quite commonly with the patriot's typical rewards of forgetfulness or even obloquy. These men are not self-seekers. They are the protagonists of principle, and would no more think of compromising a principle to secure office than the true wife does of compromising her virtue to bring money to the family purse.
>
> "The British public man often feels that he can best serve his country in opposition. It is, of course, only the truth that men have pushed their way into public affairs in the Old Country, especially of late, who are by no means actuated by this fine spirit. But many of the old school are left. The emoluments of office form no temptation for them. The burdens and responsibilities of power far outweigh any such gains. They only desire a Parliamentary majority that they may be enabled to perform the service they have set out to do the public."



P. & A. photograph

CANADA HAILS THE HEIR TO THE THRONE

The Prince of Wales in the uniform of the Seaforth Highlanders, of which he is honorary Colonel, passing through the ranks of the guard of honor of the Royal Twenty-Second Battalion of Quebec, on his arrival in Canada.

Canada needs more of this spirit, this Montreal daily flatly asserts, and adds that that country should have men in politics who are not hungry opportunists jumping at every popular issue, but stable and sincere representatives of fixt principles and clear causes, upon whom the people can confidently rely when they decide for these principles and these causes. It is further stated that:

> "One trouble to-day in Canada is that the average voter hardly knows what he is voting for when he marks his ballot in favor of this or that party. He would often be puzzled to say just what change in policy would occur if he voted one party out and the other in. Both parties seem determined to 'straddle' most of the really vital issues. They seek to please both sides. They try to collect votes in whatever quarters they may exist.
>
> "This uncertainty as much as anything bedevils our public life. What we need are not office-seekers but public servants. When we produce more of this breed, we shall be better prepared to benefit by the splendid example of Great Britain which, so soon after the devastation of the war and the social and economic upheavals that followed, is already 'coming back.'
>
> "This was, perhaps, the most heartening message that Premier Baldwin brought us. He denied that 'England' was decadent, was failing, was succumbing to her wounds. 'There never has been a time when the Old Country was more quivering with life.' This is his testimony. There are difficulties to be overcome, but determination, hard work, and British pluck are surmounting them. Looking at Canada geographically, he prophesies that we may some day be the greatest nation in the world.
>
> "We have the site. All we need is the spirit—the spirit of 'public service.'"

It is obvious, thinks the Montreal *Gazette*, that Mr. Baldwin's great desire is for national and Empire unity, and he "finds encouragement for hope in this direction in the success that has marked and continues to mark the work of the Empire Marketing Board in Great Britain." Turning then to consideration of the extemporaneous part of his address, this newspaper observes:

> "Through all his extemporary remarks the audience heard Baldwin the patriot and seer, the Englishman who has an abiding faith and a supreme confidence in the solid and lasting qualities of England and the English. They still have the gifts of a great race."

THE FIGHT TO "FARM THE WORLD"

THE MENACING TIDE of the East rolling toward the West is not essentially driven by the hate of the white man for the man of color, we are told, or by the hate of the man of color for the white man. But what is happening in China, in Egypt, and what may happen in India and other countries of the dark man, it is said, are but superficial manifestations of a tremendous undercurrent, which has potentialities of both good and evil. This is the declaration of Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah, in the London *Outlook*, and it was brought forth by the recent meeting of the so-called Opprest Nationalities at Brussels, the Pan-Asiatic Conference at Nagasaki a year ago, the Pan-African Congress of Paris, the annual meetings of the Indian National Congress, and a host of other gatherings of protest. He tells us then:

> "The mere fact of the gathering of 174 delegates in the Mirror Gallery of Egmont Palace at Brussels as men of the Opprest Nations is a sufficient proof of the existence of an earnest revolt of the colored against the white dominance of the world. Chen Shuen of the Hongkong Canton Strike Committee, Laguma, a full-blooded Zulu, Shamlal Nahru, sallow-complexioned Kashmir Pandit from India, Egyptians, South Africans, and Lamina Senghor, a Senegalese negro, defiantly holding up their heads among others, were a representative crowd enough. They spoke different tongues, but their thoughts were focused on a single battle-cry of intense antagonism to the Western dominance."

Returning to what he calls the "clash of color," this observer questions whether it is correct to suppose that the white man is the symbol of advancement because he is white, and not because his education, resources, and mentality are manifestly greater than those possest by the dark man? It is really begging the question to set down such queries, but, we are told:

> "A most important fact emerges out of this tangled discussion, for arguing backward one arrives at the irrefutable idea that the root cause of all the struggle of the human race is deeply implanted in the desire to acquire wealth.
>
> "There is not a single war that has been fought even in the civilized world but its origin can be directly traced to economic expansion. And since the pioneers of the New World in Europe seem not to have rid themselves of this stigma, their frequent clashes with awakening Asia are natural. The struggle is simply an item in the great economic scheme of 'farming the world.' Whosoever is more able to further this scheme must inevitably remain the superior. The weaker man through sheer biological causes must go to the wall. I do not, however, take weakness or strength in the physical sense here, for in the sphere of commerce and industry it is the ability to 'farm the land,' and means to do it, that count, and violent brute force has no chance.
>
> "The foregoing now restricts the scope of the discussion, and in a measure assists to solve the riddle of the clash of color, because once we admit that the economic factor is in the center of the picture we see that the conflict in essence is not due to race prejudice. The real clash comes when the issue is narrowed down to this, is it the colored or the white man who is to 'farm the land'? Finding the Westerner better equipped to exploit the resources of the world, the colored man resents, grumbles, and revolts. That is the challenge of Asia in one of its important abstract phases. He is shut out from Australia because he cheapens labor, he is not permitted to own farms in the uplands in South Africa because he can live very much more humbly and is better able to resist the climatic conditions. Hence he might in time threaten and ultimately oust the white man. It is so in other countries; the same law applies."

For this reason, also, we read then, all the harangues of the delegates at the Brussels Congress are purposeless, and all threats are doomed to vanish in thin air. Meanwhile, it is noted that:

> "In the light of this intense commercial competition it is interesting to note that Lu Ching-lin, a Cantonese General who attended the Congress of the Opprest, remarked that the Southern Army of China was fighting for the Chinese laboring classes against both the foreign and the Chinese capitalists, and yet this Congress met with an avowed intention of discovering ways and means whereby national revolts could be organized with the help of the peasants and the workers of the world. Here ideas seem not only to contradict each other but also lay themselves open to an objection as to how a world-wide unity of workers can be brought about when the future of men's lives will whirl around an ever-increasing economic competition. This is also a point against the Bolshevik theory of World Revolution.
>
> "From what has been said before, the label of the 'Opprest Nations,' which the above-mentioned congress employed during its deliberation, loses its real meaning. In the world of to-day, and more especially of to-morrow, every man must possess an economic value; if he does not, then the one who possesses it will and must supersede him, and all the fine phrases of the moralists can no more alter it than they can change light into darkness. The 'Opprest Nations' are, therefore, not made to groan under oppression because it constitutes a happiness to the oppressor. It is no delight to him, it is dictated by necessity through the unalterable laws of the survival of the fittest."

OUR BOOMING TRADE WITH INDIA

THE STEADY EXPANSION of American business interests in India is said by some to be extremely disagreeable to British business men, who consider the Indian market somewhat as their monopoly. Sir Montagu Webb, until recently head of the Chamber of Commerce of India's great wheat port, Karachi, is reported in the press as complaining because American-made socks were being sold in that city. Commenting on his utterance, the Colombo *Times of Ceylon* observes: "On the face of it, his statement appears to be of little significance, but when one proceeds to analyze the various projects of big American business firms, it becomes increasingly apparent that America is planning to obtain a substantial portion of the trade in India at present enjoyed by Great Britain." This newspaper quotes an article written by K. Hazen Scott, formerly the United States Vice-Consul at Madras, in which he said that, "in the language of a stockbroker, India is a market with a capital M." We read then:

> "Apparently the fact that Great Britain has spent her blood and treasure in Westernizing India to a degree admitted by Mr. Scott goes for nothing where trade is concerned. It merely points the way for American big business to make 'a toehold into a foothold.' Nobody can blame America for desiring to exploit the huge potential market afforded by India, but the robust optimism radiated by this former Consular representative is such that the Government of India and British business interests should take serious note, and more than that, insure that India's trade is kept as far as possible within the bounds of the Empire. This can be done in two ways: firstly by tariff preferences operating in favor of Great Britain; and secondly—this being even more important than the first—by British companies intensifying their efforts to secure and expand the trade of India.
>
> "It is manifestly contrary to all the tenets of common justice that a country which has contributed so little to the advancement of India should reap the benefits made possible by a country which has for many years risked not only capital but even the life of its subjects in India. We do not expect these considerations to weigh with America, but the remedy is in the hands of the British and Indian Governments, and the time to act is now. American big business has its 'toehold.' If Great Britain allows her to secure that 'foothold' which is her avowed objective, the blame must rest with us and not with America."

While the British thus frown, an Indian writer recently suggested in the pages of *The Modern Review* (Calcutta) that his people should use America's expanding trade with India as a lever to force the United States to accord better treatment to Indians who go to that country. To quote him:

> "America has a large trade with India, and the Americans are doing their level best to increase this trade. If the Americans persist in thinking that they can with impunity exploit India and insult the Indians at the same time, it would be our duty to show them that they could do one of the above, but not both."

WHEN WAR AGAIN BLIGHTS EUROPE

DESPITE THE CONSTANT EFFORT to find some means of preventing war, say some cynical writers, there has been rarely a time when so much talk is heard of how the next war will be fought. An eminent authority on military matters, Marshal Foch, was lately quoted in a London newspaper on the subject of a war to come "in the course of the next fifteen or twenty years," and he is reported as having predicted that the conflict would be on a gigantic scale, and not only the world's manhood, but women and children, would be involved. Lord Halsbury, formerly Assistant Inspector of High Explosives at the British Ministry of Munitions, contributes an article to the London *Daily Mail,* in which he discusses the danger of London being overwhelmed in the "next war" by a sea of poison gas released by enemy airmen. It is his belief that:

"Apart from the somnambulists of Geneva and Locarno no man believes in his heart of hearts that war has disappeared forever. There is, however, an inherent reluctance in mankind to face disagreeable truths and a tendency to shut their eyes to dangers which do not seem immediate.

"It is neither cowardly nor provocative to look soberly ahead and consider the lines which another war is likely to follow.

"In a war of any magnitude there will not merely be armies engaging armies, but whole nations mobilized against nations. It inevitably follows that the old demarcation between the military forces and the 'civilian population' will cease to exist. The girl filling a shell at a factory is just as much part of the machinery of war as the soldier who fires it. She is much more vulnerable and will certainly be attacked. It is impossible to say that such an attack would be unjustified.

"The matter does not end with mere munition workers. The central organizations essential to modern warfare are carried on in 'open towns' and largely by civilians. An attempt to paralyze them would be perfectly legitimate. The first conclusion, therefore, that emerges is that an attack will be made upon the 'civilian population.'"

In the late war, Lord Halsbury goes on to say, one of the achievements of which the British are most justly proud, is the magnificent work done by the British Mercantile Marine. Ships built and manned for peaceful commerce, he recalls, became almost in a night a mighty arm of naval defense. But, he tells us:

"The very success of this wonderful transformation suggests many disquieting thoughts for the future. To change a merchantman into a war vessel involves considerable difficulties. To convert a civil airplane into an effective bombing machine involves none.

"It is idle, therefore, to attempt to limit the military air services, so long as civilian aviation remains unchecked. That a determined attack will get through any defenses known at present is not denied by any one who has studied the question. There may, and probably will, be considerable losses on the return journey, but the damage will have been done. It is more than possible, it is probable, that an attack will be made upon concentrations of the civilian population—in other words, the large towns—from the air.

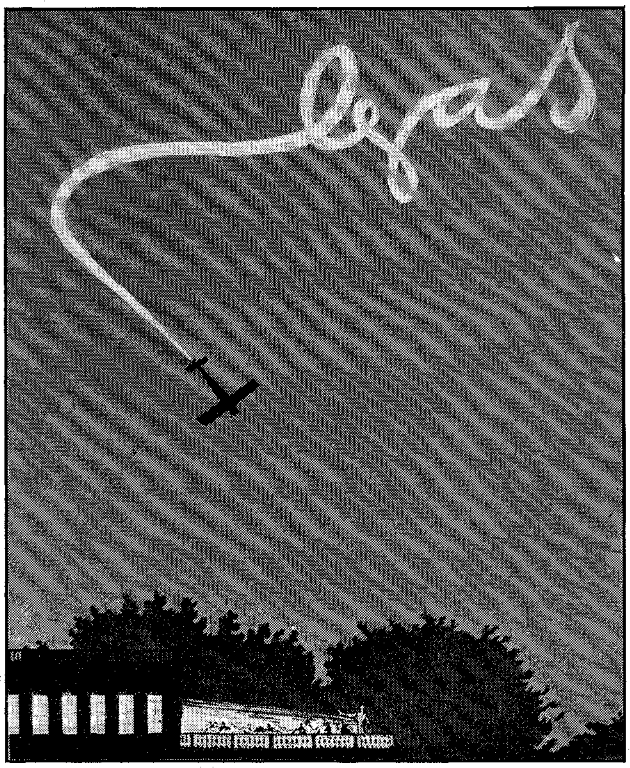
"From the dislike of facing unpleasant truths an answer comes readily to many. 'London,' it is said, 'was bombed during the war and not much damage was done after all.'

"That answer omits one very serious consideration. London was attacked with incendiary and explosive bombs. Since then great strides have been made in chemical warfare. Further let it be noted that while in an attack by the former weapons accurate aiming is necessary, in an attack by poison gas an open space in a large town is just as good a target as a building. It does not matter where the bomb falls.

"The only other answer that may be made is that it would be impossible to drop sufficient gas. Some two years ago, writing upon this subject, I pointed out that if you take such a vital triangle as Chalk Farm—the Docks—Clapham Junction, 2,000 tons of gas would create a lethal atmosphere over all that area to a height of forty feet. I quoted the authority of such experts as Mr. Michelin and Mr. Brifaut, but the problem is really a simple arithmetical sum on the assumption that a lethal dose of phosgene gas is one in a million."

Referring to Marshal Foch's warning of the war to come, the Paris correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* concedes that on all matters of war Marshal Foch speaks with an authority equivalent to his fame, but this journalist adds:

"It is only just to point out that there is another military school in France, as elsewhere, which, so far from sharing his vision of whole populations, irrespective of age or sex, drawn into the vortex, has serious doubts of the value of the mass levy, regards conscription, in fact, as out of date, and believes the future lies in France, as in Germany, with comparatively small professional armies trained to the last ounce and equipped to perfection with all the modern instrumentation of war. More and more mechanization is its cry, as against more and more cannon fodder. Naturally this school is less concerned with Germany's disarmament under the Versailles Treaty than with the superb efficiency of the small army that was left to Germany by that treaty.



GERMAN IRONY

"Why hesitate about naval disarmament as long as we have ships of the air and gas to kill everybody, civilians as well as combatants?"

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"For that reason the maneuvers of the Reichswehr were awaited with keen interest. Noted particularly is the extraordinary use the Germans make of motor-lorries for the swift transport of troops. In the *Journal des Débats* General de Cuquac speaks with alarm of what he calls the 'motorization' of the German Army. 'England, too, is having maneuvers with motorized units. Indeed, all countries are pursuing this method, which will certainly be the strategic novelty of the next war. Let us hope that we shall not be the last to try the experiment of the motorization of the army.'"

A more hopeful outlook for lasting peace is presented in a London labor organ, *The Daily Herald,* by Arthur Ponsonby, M. P., yet even he admits that:

"No one questions the difficulty of trying to abolish war by the restriction of armaments. As the discussions proceed it becomes abundantly clear that so long as there is a universal confidence in force as the ultimate remedy, no rules, regulations, ratios, or standards of limitation will be of any avail. It would seem, therefore, that the time is not far distant when the idea of disarmament by example will receive more serious consideration —the emergence of a Government which for the first time will abandon the war weapon, declaring its disbelief in its efficacy, and exposing its inhumanity and futility."

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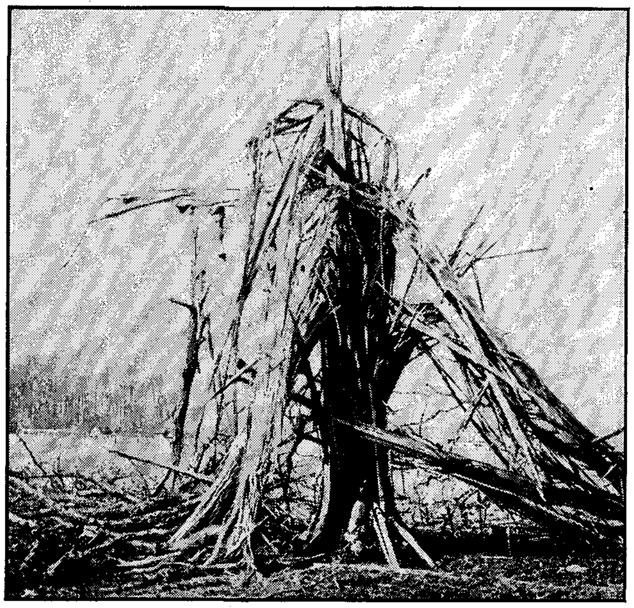
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

TREES THAT LIGHTNING LOVES

WHY ARE SOME KINDS OF TREES struck by lightning more frequently than others? Mr. M. Moreillon, inspector for the French forest administration, believes that it is the smooth-barked trees that get off with the least injury, and that this immunity is due to the ease with which water, a good conductor of the electric current, runs down their trunks. Writes Mr. Moreillon in *La Nature* (Paris):

"In traveling through rural and forested regions, we often notice that lightning has left its mark on beeches, poplars, and resinous trees more frequently than on others. Hence many persons have concluded that lightning has a predilection for certain trees and a dislike for others. There have thus arisen a considerable number of different theories, whose summaries would fill a volume. These are based usually on the nature of the wood, the size of the roots and the depth to which they penetrate; on the oily or starchy content of the wood, on the shape of the outer bark or on the resistance of the trees to the passage of electricity.

"Since 1874 investigations of this matter have been set on foot in various countries of Central Europe which enable us to draw up a table of percentages of the kinds of trees struck by lightning in Central Europe."



Courtesy of U. S. Department of Agriculture

WHAT ONE BOLT DID TO A TREE

The table lists 4,352 cases of lightning stroke, of which 28 per cent. were on poplars and 22 on beeches. No other percentage exceeds 10. The writer notes that rough-barked trees are most frequently struck, while those with perfectly smooth bark are rarely injured. We read further:

"Since lightning strikes all terrestrial objects, trees included, we will attempt to show why its effects are noticed on only part of them.

"The lightning that strikes a lightning-rod leaves no trace on it if it is in good condition, that is to say, if the rod is of a good conducting metal and large enough; otherwise it is melted. The conductibility is increased when the rod is wet.

"This should be the case also with smooth bark, which is always covered with moisture from the rain, during a thunderstorm. The wood being a poor conductor, the lightning naturally will follow the film of water on the bark.

"There is confirmation of this in statistics of trees struck by lightning in the principality of Lippe-Detmold. Eleven per cent. were struck when there was no rain, 48 with slight rain, 33 with much rain, 40 with tempest, 30 with hail, and 10 with snow."

According to Dr. Hoppe (Vienna, 1896), the average quantity of water that runs down the trunks of forest trees varies from 0.7 per cent. of the total falling on the tree, in the case of the pine, to 15.5 per cent. for smooth-barked trees. This supports the theory that smooth-barked trees are wetter in a storm than the rough-barked. Again:

"Vanderlinden, in his 'Lightning and the Trees' (Brussels, 1907), insists on 'the influence that the exterior conformation of the trunk seems to exert on the seriousness of the injuries due to lightning.' He showed that among trees struck by lightning those with thick and deeply furrowed bark predominate, while the smooth-barked furnish few victims. Dead tissue is a bad conductor and hence the effect of a discharge is more injurious in it. Thus it is when a tree trunk is driest that it is most severely injured by electricity.

"The same is true of buildings. Lightning strokes on those without rods and without metallic rain-spouts reaching to the ground are generally the cause of fires.

"At the season of richest vegetation, the spring, when the wood is full of sap, rough-barked trees are easily stript by lightning. In summer, on the contrary, a channel will be made in the bark and in the wood, while at the end of this season, when the sap has nearly stopt flowing, such trees are generally shattered, the discharge penetrating into the wood.

"This shattering is very probably due to the expansive force of the water vapor produced by the passage of the current. The heat liberated during the passage is sufficient to melt lead and project the melted metal between the wood and the bark, as shown in the case of an oak stript of its bark in Zurich, Switzerland, in July, 1893. This would support the idea of Vanderlinden, who says: 'The reality of the mechanical action of the vaporized liquids may be recognized more clearly if observation shows that the injuries are more serious during the seasons when the trees contain most water and hence can produce most vapor (spring and early summer).'

"This theory of vaporization has been rejected by Paul Drumaux, writing in *The Bulletin* of the Central Belgian Forestry Association, who believes that the woody tissues and bark, being non-conductors, are naturally shattered by the passage of so great a quantity of electricity. In like manner, electric insulators are frequently broken in cases where vaporization is out of the question.

"Summing up, let us say that in trees with smooth bark, the water, running along the branches, follows down the trunk. In rough-barked trees, the stream is not continuous. In the former case the lightning goes directly from the crown of the tree to the ground without leaving apparent traces; in the latter, the fluid penetrates between bark and wood or within the wood itself, causing a breakage of one or both, or it leaps to a better-conducting body in the vicinity—man, animal, or metal."

Many people think that trees near by protect a house from lightning. This may or may not be the case, thinks the writer, who says on this point:

"Trees planted near houses may be a source of danger, for when lightning strikes a rough-barked tree insufficiently moistened by the rain, it may leave the tree suddenly and seek the ground through a channel of less resistance, which may be through the inside of the house. In this case the tree acts like a defective lightning-rod. At three hundred feet or so from a building, the tree would protect. Writes Drumaux in the bulletin already cited: 'This protection is slight, and even a fine grove around a house should not be an excuse for neglecting the installation of a lightning-rod.'

"In my opinion the best protection is furnished by the metal conductors used for carrying rain-water from the roof directly to the ground. I have had occasion to observe this several times on my own house, which is also fitted with a lightning-rod."

UNDERGROUND FOREST FIRES

THE ROOTS OF TREES may convey fires underground to a considerable distance with no indication of trouble on the surface, we are told by J. B. Halm, writing in *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington). During the strenuous fire season of 1926, says Mr. Halm, several unusual things came under his observation, chief among them this treachery of underground fires caused by roots. He goes on:

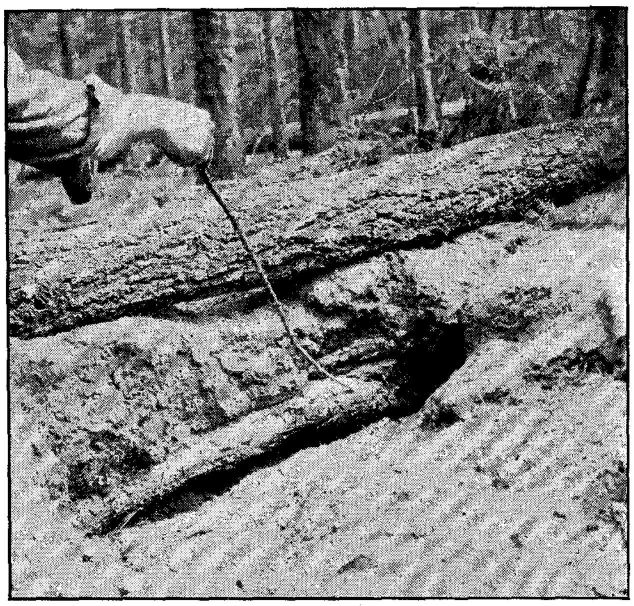
"Nearly every one has, at some time, seen harmless-looking stumps standing near a dead fire-line smoldering unnoticed and receiving only the casual glance or prod from the occasional passing patrolman. Perhaps in the course of two or three days, or even a week, fire would again break out mysteriously in that vicinity and all hands were once more desperately fighting the new fire; possibly the patrolman was discharged or put under suspicion or some disgruntled person blamed, but the harmless-looking stump was overlooked.

"During a serious blow-up of the Quartz Creek fire on the Kaniksu National Forest last summer, the fire jumped Priest River and in an hour was rolling toward Whitetail, threatening to burn the lookout and destroy the entire Jack Pine Flats beyond. The men on the lookout fled for their lives, leaving their belongings behind.

"During the night, however, the fire subsided and the lookouts returned to their station. In two days this fire was trenched and under control. A part of the old Whitetail road which had served as a buffer to swerve the fire from its rush toward the lookout was used as a part of the fire-line. Along the old road stood a large dead snag which burned so persistently that it was almost two days before it could be cut down. The stump was buried repeatedly but continued to smolder like a partially extinct volcano, emitting an occasional wisp of smoke. After several days the stump and adjacent burn were considered dead, and the patrol had been cut to the minimum. Then one afternoon the lookout on Whitetail reported a fire near the old road, spreading rapidly. All available men were rushed to the spot, and by midnight the fire had once more been put safely inside a trench.

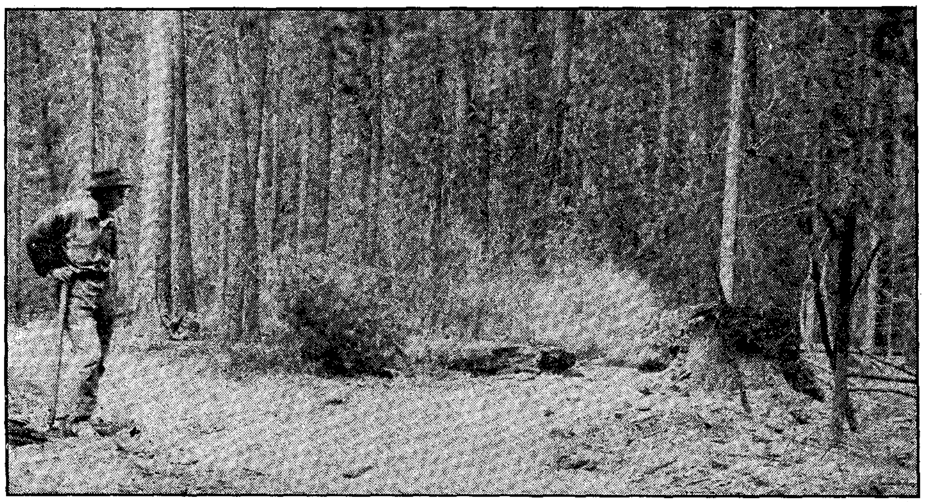
"The following morning, still bristling with the desire to do things to the person or persons responsible for that fire, I decided to make a thorough effort to locate its origin. We took the old road between the old and new burn and were just passing the old stump when our car broke through the tread of the roadway.

"Upon examination we found a root from the old outlaw stump had burned beneath the road and had broken out just 16⅛ feet from the old snag's base. The course of the root was easily traceable, disclosing the origin of the fire. Had the old roadway held up, the snag's secret might never have been disclosed and the cause of another fire remained a mystery. Had weather conditions been unfavorable the work of the preceding three weeks might have been lost through the treachery of that root fire."



GETTING AT THE ROOT OF IT

The underground fire was easily traceable, and its origin disclosed.



Illustrations by courtesy of *American Forests and Forest Life* (Washington D. C.)

UNDERGROUND FIRE TREACHERY UNEARTHED

A root from the old stump had burned beneath the road and broken out sixteen feet away.

WHY WE SLEEP AND DREAM

IN OUR BRAINS ARE CENTERS that put us to sleep and wake us up—that even have the power of substituting "the stuff that dreams are made of" for the more substantial fabric of our waking consciousness. This is the latest view of brain physiologists, we are told by J. Mouzon, writing in *La Presse Médicale* (Paris), and giving due credit to a paper by O. Pötzl in *Medizinische Klinik* (Berlin). We read:

"The existence in the gray substance of the third ventricle of the brain of an important region for the regulation of sleep and wakefulness was first brought forward as a hypothesis by Mautner in 1890. He thought that perhaps the origin of lethargic disease had its seat in this region. Numerous facts have come to light to confirm Mautner's hypothesis from the pathologic point of view. But the rôle played in disease by this midbrain region of Mautner remains shrouded in mystery.

"Mautner, according to Purkinje, thought that injuries to this region interrupted the transmission of surface excitations toward the centers (causing abnormal sleep) and that of the centers toward the surface (causing abnormal dreams). Fatigue of the same region explained normal sleep and dreaming. Purkinje, on the contrary, and also Gamper, thinks that Mautner's region contains centers that actually regulate sleeping and waking. According to him, these centers also control the movements of the eye-muscles which communicate to the eyelids and eyeballs the attitudes of sleep or waking—eyelids open, with lowering and convergence of the eyeballs, when awake; eyelids closed, with active contraction of the orbicular muscles, elevation of the eyeballs and tendency to divergence, in sleep. We may suppose either two antagonistic centers or a single center subjected to two opposite modes of innervation.

"Purkinje supposes that a similar explanation may be given to dreams. These never evoke recollections of the conscious life, but only fixt images of the unconscious life. Such images, in the waking state, are masked by the realities of life. During sleep, on the other hand, they become substitutes for reality. Purkinje sees here the manifestation of an 'inversion of reflex'—a type of reciprocal innervation, susceptible of reversal, acting first in one direction, then in another."

SUBMARINE LIFE-BOATS

WHEN, IN THE FUTURE, a submarine becomes disabled and sinks to the sea bottom, its crew need not fear death by suffocation—at least, such is the belief of an Italian-American inventor, Menotti Nanni, who has devised an undersea life-boat to be attached to and released from the submarine in an entirely new way. Writes Alden P. Armagnac in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York):

THE INVENTOR

Menotti Nanni, demonstrates a model of the vacuum ring, with central manhole, designed to lock the life-boat to the submarine. When the two halves are fitted together and then the air between them sucked out, they can not be pulled apart.

"Should the man-size model he is now constructing at Tivoli, near Rome, Italy, prove successful, it will fill a pressing need for the safety of underwater navigation. When the U. S. submarine *S-51* was rammed and sunk off the New England coast, nearly all of the thirty-four men aboard were drowned. The sinking of the *F-4*, another Navy underwater craft, off Honolulu a few years ago, was another marine tragedy that brought home to submarine designers the necessity of some avenue of escape for men imprisoned in undersea boats.

"Many schemes have been suggested; a number employ a detachable cabin that floats to the surface with the crew. In the June issue of *Popular Science Monthly* Commander Fitzhugh Green based a remarkable story, 'Black Death,' on such a proposed invention. He told of a submarine 'life-boat' that proved a veritable death cabin, for it failed to release at the critical moment; moreover, its very presence had so weakened the submarine hull, cut away to receive it, as to swamp the undersea craft.

"To overcome these defects, common to most proposed submarine life-cabins, Nanni has devised vacuum-cup fasteners which, he claims, will assure positive and speedy release of a barrel-shaped life-boat that carries the crew to safety.

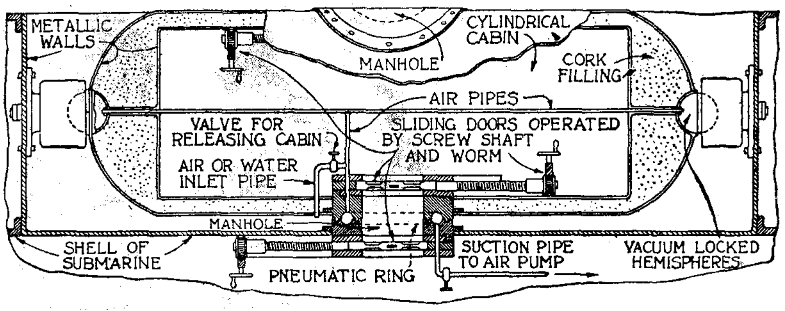
"The principle he employs is centuries old. In 1654, before a royal audience, Otto von Guericke, an experimental philosopher of Magdeburg, Germany, demonstrated the power of a vacuum. He fitted together two copper hemispheres; then, with an air-pump, sucked out the air within them. Thirty horses were unable to pull the shells apart. But when he opened a valve that let in air, they separated of their own accord.

"Similarly, as a means of 'bolting' an unsinkable life-cabin to the shell of a submarine, Nanni employs a pair of close-fitting, smooth-faced domes or cups, one attached to the submarine, the other to the life-cabin. Between them a vacuum is produced by a suction pump in the submarine. Under the tremendous pressure of the sea and air the cabin is as securely fastened as if riveted on; yet, he says, the turn of a valve that lets the sea into the vacuum frees the two parts instantly and releases the cabin.

"The submarine has foundered! Into the cabin through the 'doughnut hole' of the pneumatic ring climb the men. Some one slides shut the water-tight door at the bottom. 'Ready?'

"The releasing valve is turned. A hiss of water spurting into the vacuum chambers and the cabin lurches upward—free of the submarine.

"Safe at the surface, the men climb out through a hatch at the cabin's top and summon aid by wigwagging or radio."



DESIGN OF THE LIFE-CABIN

Showing how it is attached to the submarine. The crew enter at the bottom through sliding water-tight doors.

DEATH-RATES STILL FALLING

WE ARE NOT DYING OFF as fast as we were a quarter of a century ago. This is strikingly shown by a comparison of the annual death-rate from all causes in the Registration Area of the United States during 1900 and 1924, quoted and discust editorially in *American Medicine* (New York). In 1900 the annual death-rate was 17.6; in 1924, 11.8. Says the medical paper just named:

"This tremendous reduction is more marked when one compares some of the monthly mortality rates. During 1900, two months, June and November, established the rate of 15.0, and these were the lowest levels achieved during that year, while the highest was reached with 21.3 in the month of March. What a sharp contrast in the year 1924, when the highest month again was the month of March, but the rate was only 13.6, while the lowest months were June, August, and September, with a rate of only 10.3. The difference between the highest and lowest monthly rates during 1900 was 6.3, while in 1924 it was only 3.3.

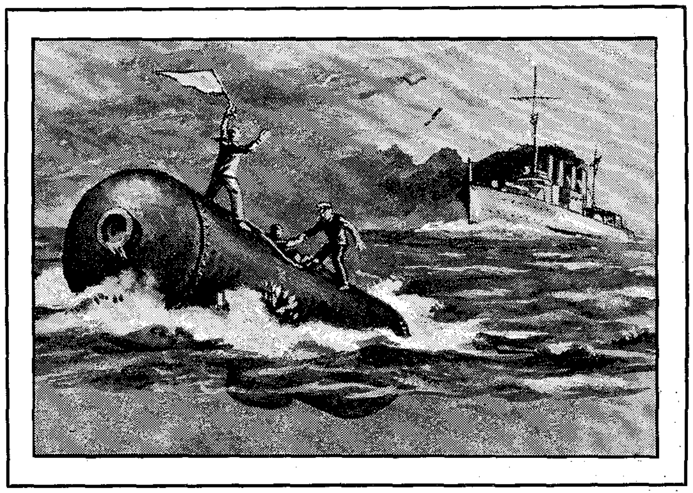
"It is obvious that the general improvement in conditions of living has not been limited to any particular season of the year. In 1900 and in 1924 the first four months of the year had the highest mortality rates. In 1900, however, the last four months of the year had a lower mortality rate than the middle four months' period, whereas in 1924 the months of May, June, July, and August registered slightly lower mortality rates than the four months ending the year. Herein is represented largely the gain by the forces of education and medicine over infant mortality.

"The most obvious evidence of changing conditions in the mortality rate is found in the types of accidental causes of death. One may disregard food-poisoning, deaths in conflagration, or even the five thousand deaths incidental to burns. One can not overlook, however, approximately twenty-four thousand deaths due to the absorption of irrespirable, irritating, or poisonous gas, nor the more than two thousand deaths from injury by firearms. One must recognize the fifty-nine hundred deaths by railroad accidents; the fifteen hundred from street-car accidents; the more than fourteen thousand as the result of automobile accidents; and finally the one hundred and thirty-two deaths due to airplane and balloon accidents. Lightning caused approximately one hundred and seventy-five deaths, but more than nine hundred persons lost their lives from accidental electric shocks.

"Man has improved the conditions under which he lives, but many of the very elements by means of which he has improved his environment have served in turn to increase the hazards of existence. The automobile took more lives than typhoid and paratyphoid fever, measles, and scarlet-fever combined. The actual number of deaths as a result of airplanes and balloons was practically as great as the number of deaths from mumps; four times the number due to plague; four times that due to anthrax; more than twice the number of deaths due to rabies.

"The death-rate from all causes in the Registration Area during 1924 was 11.8. This is a marked contrast to 13.6 in 1914; 16.5 in 1904; 19.6 in 1890. Thus one can appreciate remarkable growth in national welfare. The lowest death-rates are not attributed to an increase in the Registration Area, which consisted of eight States and the District of Columbia in 1880, whereas in 1924 it included 88.5 per cent. of the total population of the United States, and 70.3 of the total land area. In fact, the very increase of the U. S. Registration Area as utilized for the determination of mortality statistics is indicative of the greater interest in everything that pertains to public health."

ANIMAL POISONS

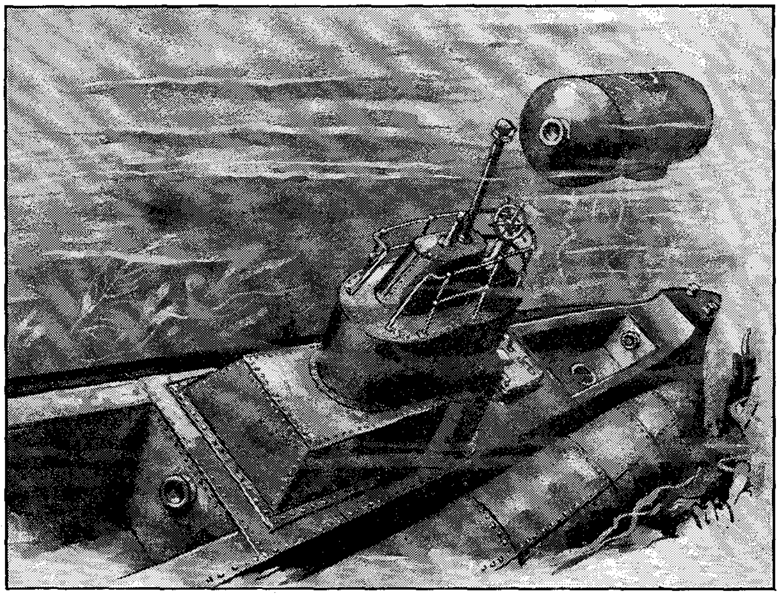


RECENT INTERESTING DISCOVERIES about the venoms secreted by various species of living creatures are described by H. Munro Fox in *The Forum* (New York). Until a short time ago, Mr. Fox tells us, the zoologist had not studied poisonous animals very profoundly. He satisfied himself that the poison is of use to its possessor as a means of defense, and in most cases he left the matter there. Not much attempt has been made to discover how it comes that the well-protected animals possess the poison, how they manage to manufacture it, and why others do not do so. Yet some of these questions have been answered by scientists in the last few years. He writes:

"The use of poison to its possessor is often obvious enough. Scorpions, bees, and snakes have glands which prepare the poisonous liquid, and they have tubes to conduct it to sharp spines or teeth for inflicting a wound. Other animals, which have no offensive weapons, nevertheless derive protection by pouring out a poison on the skin. A toad, for instance, does this. This however, does not go deep enough. We want to know the means by which the poison arises in the chemistry of the animal's body and the nature of the injurious substance.

"Poisons are produced by both higher and lower animals, and many of these products are used by savage races as arrow poisons. Snakes, lizards, toads, and fishes have provided such venom, and the juices of beetles, bees, wasps, ants, centipedes, and spiders have been used. Yet even to-day little is known of the real chemical nature of the animal poisons.

"The poison gas of the skunk, the most nauseating odor known—is a stuff which chemists call mercaptan. It contains sulfur. Now there is a curious example of how an unusual chemical substance may be found in widely different groups of animals. The purple dye used by the ancient Romans for the togas of their nobles was derived from a sort of sea-snail. Now, newly dyed togas always had an unpleasant smell, which disappeared very slowly. It has been suggested that the exaggerated use of perfumes by the Roman patricians was to drown the unpleasant smell of their dyed robes. The smell of the purple was nothing more or less than the skunk's poison gas once more. For the precursor of the purple stuff in the sea-snail's economy contains sulfur. The purple itself contains none, it is true; but as it is secreted in the snail's body, the sulfur is put on one side as a by-product, in the form of the evil-smelling substance, mercaptan. Thus a Roman emperor arrayed in purple came curiously near to resembling a skunk!



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Popular Science Monthly*, New York

THE "SUBMARINE LIFEBOAT" IN ACTION

How unsinkable, barrel-shaped life cabins, released from a foundered submarine, might carry the crew to the surface. The first of the cabins has risen and men, climbing through its hatchway, are signaling a passing ship. The second has just been released from its vacuum fastenings.

"In some cases we know that poisons play a rôle in the body of the animal which manufactures them. This may be the original *raison d'être* of the venoms, quite apart from any protective value. The poisonous spittle of snakes, for example, has work to do in the digestion of the snake's food. A most extraordinary case of the same sort is presented by a green marine worm, a creature the size of one's thumb. Part of the worm's skin is covered with a slimy stuff which is poisonous to many animals; but if the minute young settle down on the skin this same stuff has quite a different effect, for it causes the young to change into the microscopic males of the species. In other words, young which would otherwise have grown into fat females are changed by the poison into diminutive males.

"One of the most fascinating chapters in animal poisons is the subject of natural immunity, the fact that some animals are immune to the poisons of others and remain unhurt if stung or bitten by the poisonous animal, whereas all other sorts of beasts succumb. A case in point is that of desert animals which are unharmed by a scorpion's sting. The desert fox, the kangaroo rat, and other inhabitants of deserts where scorpions abound are in this happy position. Their cousins, living far away from the desert, would at once be seriously injured by a scorpion's sting, whereas the desert breeds remain unhurt. It is to be supposed that in the far-distant past, before the desert animals had this complete immunity to scorpion venom, those which were stung and could not resist died, leaving no offspring. Their luckier brothers, who happened to have a hardier constitution, survived and left behind them a resistant race of descendants.

"Another bizarre instance of this same phenomenon is provided by certain crabs which carry on their backs a kind of sea-anemone, a plantlike animal with the power of stinging like a jellyfish. Consequently the crab walks about with a sea-anemone on its back for its own protection, and the anemone enjoys the advantage of sharing the crab's meals, stretching down its food-catching tentacles to the crab's mouth and stealing bits of food.

"How does it come that the anemone's batteries of poison capsules do not injure the crab? Researches carried out this year have been revealing.

"If the poison is extracted from the anemone and injected into any ordinary crab, the crab dies. But if the poison is injected into a crab which bears an anemone on its back, no effect follows. Just as the desert fox is uninjured by the sting of a scorpion, so the crab is unhurt by the weapon of its mate, the anemone.

"The new researches revealed one further chapter of the story. Unlike the desert fox, the crab is not born into the world immune to the poison. The young crabs are all of them vulnerable, but when one of them adopts an anemone as a permanent guest, it gradually becomes immune to its visitor's poison. Every time a fish or other creature pushes against the anemone, it shoots out a cloud of poison capsules; and the crab is thus often forced to swallow these and gradually ceases to be affected. In just the same way the snake-charmer makes himself immune to snake or to scorpion poison by giving himself very small but repeated doses of venom from the reptiles with which he deals."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

WHAT OF THE NEW OPERA HOUSE?

THE NEW METROPOLITAN—if it comes—will have to satisfy a good many more people than just boxholders whose private domain opera houses have hitherto been regarded. Upward of four thousand people will be accommodated in the new opera house when it comes, and thus it is seen that its form and complexion is one not to be settled by the predilections of a coterie. Mr. Paul Kerby, who is described as "European Observer for Singing" throws a battery of thirty-six questions at the sponsors of the new house, asking if they "realize that the building of the new Metropolitan is a golden opportunity to undo the sins of omission and commission of centuries and to strike a decisive blow for the regeneration of the operatic art-form." The responsibility—in Mr. Kerby's view—is no less than "crushing," for in his prophetic gaze "the operatic art-form is doomed to lingering death, if it can not adapt its house and home to modern requirements of comfort, dignity, and hygiene, as the movie has triumphantly done in its palatial houses." Mr. Kerby while in this country on a vacation from his European duties has "pondered over all the published statements made in connection with the new Metropolitan" and given to *Singing* (New York) this questionnaire which, so the magazine declares, is equally applicable to the new building project in Chicago. We begin with some of Mr. Kerby's "Do's" and "Will's."

"Do they clearly understand that there must be a definite break with the past, especially the European past, when dynasties instead of democracies made up the only important part of the audience in an opera house?

"Do they realize that the opera box was invented in the seventeenth century, in order to shield the feudal lords and ladies of that time from contact with the vulgar populace?

"Do they not consider the twentieth century has outlived these ideas of segregation; and should not the private seclusion of any part of a public audience be made impossible in the opera house, as it has long been in all other theaters?

"Did not the ancient Greeks in their huge national theaters show how to retain social dignity and yet refrain from snobbishness?

"For all these reasons, will the plans of the new opera house be published before their final approval, to enable as large as possible a professional and lay tribunal to offer suggestions?

"Do they realize that the trend of modern voices is to decrease in volume and increase in shading?

"If it be true that the new house is to be of a size to hold upward of 4,000 people, are they ready to aid the average opera artist in projecting a voice, not necessarily elephantine, into such a vast space?

"Is it fully imprest on their minds that the ideal seating and placement of the opera orchestra is an unsolved problem yet? And will they promise not to follow the exploded Bayreuth practise of a pit into which the orchestra is 'spurlos versenkt'?

"Do they quite understand that the opera house of to-morrow ought to be able to adapt its size from night to night; so that a Mozart opera may be played to a house seating (say) 500 persons, and a Wagner work on the following night to (say) 5,000, the capacity being augmented and diminished by special technical devices?

"Do they perceive that if this flexibility is not provided for: then a 'rigid' opera house seating a given number of persons will be either too big or too small for satisfactory performances of about half of the entire operatic repertoire?

"Will they see to it that in moving the Metropolitan from Thirty-ninth to Fifty-seventh Street, Mr. Urban will not make it suburban?"

Pausing to state the fundamental dogma that the opera is a composite art, consisting of an ensemble of music, drama, scene, and light, all partners having nominally equal status and importance, the querist goes on to more prying:

"Is everybody concerned in any one of these departments putting their heads together with everybody else to discuss their needs and wishes in the new opera house now; or are they going to wait until it is too late to make changes, and will they then merely use the shortcomings of the house to cover up some of their own?

"Will the new opera house recognize that the musical director of any opera can never be its ruler; and that the ignorance and negligence of musical directors of opera houses concerning all matters outside their purely musical province is largely responsible for the pitiable state of operatic stage production to-day?

"Is it realized that many visitors to the opera close their eyes—not necessarily in order to sleep, but so as not to see the stage and all that happens thereon? And is not the cause of this calamity patent to all?

"Will the new opera house, therefore, as a first step make a bonfire of every bit of old scenery; and will they design new scenery for classical masterpieces, in keeping with the spirit of our times? In doing so, will they, however, avoid the services of stage designers who are revolutionary, reactionary, rotary, cubist, or what not?

"Will the new opera house continue to be the exotic plant imported from abroad, which it is now; or will it gradually make itself indigenous to the country it stands in, by using the language of that country?

"Will the new opera prevent the use of its stage by operatic undergraduates?

"Will the new opera house cease to recognize demoralized Continental opera houses with a great name for past and faded glory as an adequate training ground of its prospective members?

"Will the new opera, on the other hand, organize a school for singing, acting, and dancing; for operatic conductors, scenic designers and stage directors; this school to be on the premises of the opera house itself for its would-be members? And will courses there extend over five years as an absolute minimum?

"Will the new opera in this way seek to become the New York Opera House proper with a nine to ten months' season and an ensemble belonging to that house and to no other; or will there be an indefinite continuation of guest stations of four to five months' duration?"

The sins of omission would seem enough to crush any opera house were they forced to cry "Mea culpa" to the queries which do not stop even here:

"Definitely, what is to be the measuring rod of success at the opera house: box-office standards—or artistic standards?

"If it is to be the former, do the sponsors realize that libraries, parks, and zoos never pay their way, nor have ever been expected to do so? And that the opera will never prosper artistically until it enjoys an equal reasonable immunity from financial cares?

"Will there be up-to-date dressing-rooms and corridors, with plenty of light and air; will the stage itself be ventilated and without drafts; or will they be made into the usual death-traps for good health and the breeding-ground of every known microbe?

"Will the new opera undertake not to build any useless *promenoirs*, grand staircases and other superfluities of the European opera houses of yesterday; and will they use space thus gained for the benefit of everybody's knees, toes, and backs?

"Will they—once more—take the leading movie theaters of New York as excellent models of how to combine spaciousness, beauty, and modernity with the inexorable price of the square foot on Manhattan Island?

"Do they recognize that since the introduction of the movie with its physically beautiful heroes and heroines, the public will not put up any more with operatic heroes and heroines who are not?

"Will the new opera see fit to demand that in return for being kept wealthy by the Metropolitan, the opera artist must keep himself healthy for the Metropolitan? Will they, in brief, insert clauses into future opera contracts, by which artists bind themselves never to become fat or forty?

"Will they aid the opera artists for that purpose by providing a gymnasium, squash, racket-courts, Turkish baths, and a roof garden for the exclusive use of the opera artists?

"Will the new opera discontinue to assert that it has no intelligent public to play to; and that most people to-day prefer jazz and the movies to the opera?

"Will the new opera, on the contrary, realize that the public is always just as intelligent as the entertainment it is offered; and that the preferment of other entertainments is the average person's answer to the 'operatic turpitudes' perpetrated by the opera-houses themselves?

"Will the new opera invite sincere criticism; or will it insist on being proclaimed perfect and infallible?"

REJOINDER—Perhaps it is not a formal reply to all the queries in the above, but *The Herald Tribune* publishes an announcement of Joseph Urban, one of the two architects of the projected opera-house, relative to a tour of Europe "to study the latest European developments in theater construction":

"Mr. Urban will visit Hans Poelzig, who built the Berlin Festspielhaus for Max Reinhardt and who has just designed a new Festival Theater for Salzburg. He will also confer with Max Reinhardt.

"In Dresden Mr. Urban will consult Max Haisait, technical director of the Dresden Opera. In Magdeburg he will study the new theater exposition of stagecraft. Another Berlin authority whom Mr. Urban wishes to consult is Oscar Kaufman, designer of Max Reinhardt's Komedie Theater.

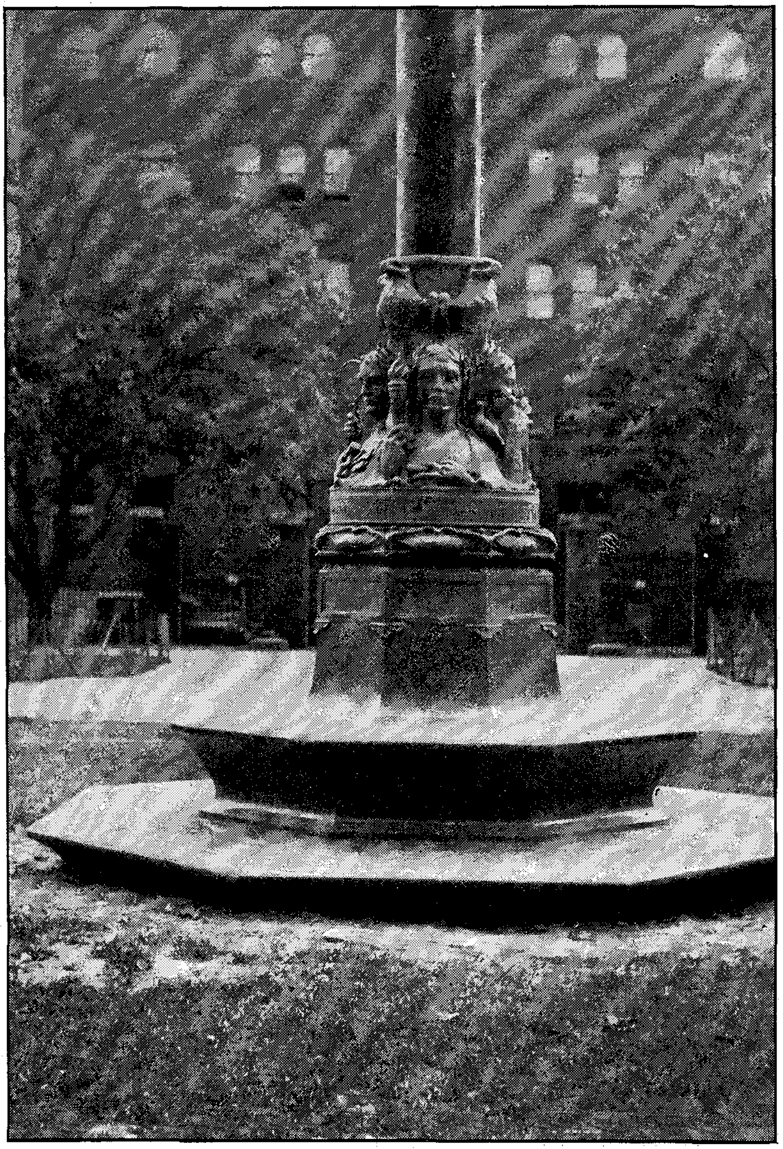
"Mr. Urban, who will return to this country at the end of September, said he hoped at that time to be able to make a definite announcement concerning the actual designs and characteristics of New York's new home of opera.

"'The public may rest assured of one thing,' Mr. Urban said, 'the new opera-house will in no sense have the aspect of a commercial structure. There have been rumors of business offices built over a great auditorium and of a tall tower containing an apartment hotel. But the new house will be, first and last, a dignified and beautiful home for opera, an artistic unit distinct and separate from any other development of the property. We have more than enough room for an opera-house on the Fifty-seventh Street site.

"There is still some dispute over the proposed site. Personally I favor the selected site. There we have plenty of room in which to carry out our most cherished designs.

MEMORIAL FLAGSTAFFS

RETURNING AVIATORS FIND when they reach New York that there is but one spot where honors may be paid to the dead of the Great War. Discarding its impressive triumphal arch New York erected a flagpole crowned by the "Eternal Light" and called it a memorial. Whatever people in general think of this ornament, artists are not given to praising it; but across the river in Brooklyn is another flagstaff, "growing like a lily out of the ground" as one artist has remarked of it. It was executed by Willard Paddock, the sculptor, and is designed to commemorate the services of the men and women of Pratt Institute in the World War. We read in *Architecture* (New York):



LIKE A LILY GROWING FROM THE GROUND

The flagstaff of Willard Paddock designed to commemorate the services of the men and women of Pratt Institute in the World War.

"Architecturally and sculpturally this work is a complete departure from the traditional flagstaff originating in Venice, which excellent design has dominated the style of flagpole bases for so many years.

"The Pratt Institute flagstaff base is distinctly constructive in its impulse and appearance as an architectural support for the shaft, while its ornamental form depends entirely upon the complete symmetry of these basic lines of construction and is a blossoming of these forms into flower of symbolic ornament.

"The flagstaff stands foursquare, facing the main gateway to the Park in front of the main building of the Institute. As it can be seen from all sides, the sculptor adopted the octagonal form to lead naturally from the square to the circular treatment. The polished green Conway granite masonry is therefore octagonal and consists of a low step twelve feet in diameter supporting a bench of connected design, and upon this stands the sculptured bronze, consisting of eight simple panels surmounted by foliated ornament supporting the circular band bearing the inscription.

"The spiritual elements of culture have been continuous during the life of the Institute, and these elements are Art, Science, Literature, and Labor Skill. Symbols of these four activities, then, are the four heads supporting the center, which is the shaft of the flagpole. The four characters carry and uphold various tools and products of their crafts: the Pen and Scroll of Literature, the Hammer and Square of Labor Skill, the Searching Glass and Torch of Science, and the reflecting Mirror and Tools of Art.

"The heads are crowned and flanked with masses of laurel, above which stand guard the four eagles symbolic of the patriotism of the North, South, East, and West."

LUDWIG, THE HISTORIAN

HE HATED HISTORY, so that is why he took to writing it. The confession is made by Emil Ludwig, author of "Napoleon," "Kaiser Wilhelm II," and "Bismarck"; and one is led to wonder if this is the key to much modern biography. Ludwig is one of the outstanding personalities in Europe to-day, and in England, where he has been visiting, he seems to be the lion of the hour, if we can trust Lady Oxford and Asquith's "Lay Sermons." Writing in *The Daily Express*, he declares that his masters are Plutarch and Carlyle. He strives "to emulate from afar those two unparalleled psychologists—the one in his immaculate lucidity, the other in his volcanic energy." One might have supposed that Carlyle had reached the dust-heap along with so many Victorians. Ludwig does not write for a Lytton Strachey audience, for he confesses that his ambition has been "to reanimate and remold any material that the man in the street will feel as tho he saw living men." He asks:

Courtesy of Boni & Liveright

HE HATED HISTORY

So he took to writing it, so Emil Ludwig declares of himself.

"What task can be grander than to stimulate—and, above all, to stimulate the young—by the example of great men, and show that each was but a man, exposed to the limitations, difficulties, perplexities, and sufferings with which we all must contend? Only he who displays, not an Olympian demi-god, but a human being with the traits of human beings, but therefore the conflict of genius with itself, will inspire the young to emulation. Had Plutarch never lived, Napoleon would not have been Napoleon.

"I am a foe to the historical novel, for—to quote Goethe—it is destructive alike to history and to imagination. My ideal is rather a portrait of incontrovertible documentary authenticity, which yet shall suggest a dramatic narrative.

"The portrait of a human being consists of his characteristic expression.

"While I never read a book about the man I am delineating, but go straight to the sources, no matter how remote, which give any sort of trustworthy information, my endeavor is to test the impression I have received from a picture, a letter, a remark, at every stage of my reading; and I have very often been compelled to reverse that impression in the lesser, but never in the larger, sense.

"At a time when I knew no more about Goethe than every German knows, I wrote the history of his soul, from his portraits, in ten pages. Later, in a two-volume work which was based on the same sources, I found no reason to depart from that sketch."

Mr. Ludwig shows, however, that he is a modernist in writing history in spite of the gods he invokes at the beginning of his article. Some writers, to be sure, have let the "initiative" method run away with them, but we see that he uses a check-rein:

"So intuitive a mode of perception would not be confessed to by my antagonists, the professional historians; and yet the best of them have constantly taken a similar course from intuitive prepossession to evidential conviction; and by so doing have proved themselves artists. Any one who works on a different method is a scholiast."

"I was democratically brought up, and instructed in natural philosophy, not in terms of a deity, but with the profoundest reverence for the spirit of nature. I attended extension lectures in Switzerland and other foreign countries, and was interested in every conceivable subject except history, which I have always disliked. Then, immediately before the war, I came, a novice in politics, to take up journalism in London.

"In the great school of war I gained a glimmering of political problems, and sent home political reports from the capitals of our allies. Of these, the veracious ones were suppressed by the censorship, but read in the Foreign Offices. I never, in any of such reports, wrote in favor of any rulers, but always in that of my country, and only once did I write against an enemy people. In those years of journalism, I learned a great deal more than I achieved.

"It was the pitiable behavior of a class, of whose moral qualities I had begun to have my doubts toward the end of the war—it was the collapse of so many royal houses, without any attempt at self-defense—which showed me that the era of the privileged classes must be drawing to an end; for he who gives in without a fight is unworthy of command.

"The sight of innocent human beings dying and starving and sacrificed to a safeguarded, governing minority, drove me into the radical camp, especially in social questions. No writer, I realized, can to-day do better than to further, in the Voltarian sense, those few ideas for whose realization the world is moving toward revolt—it is immaterial whether his instrument is the leading article, history, or the stage. That is why, when the third volume of Bismarck's memoirs was prohibited from publication (tho I had private knowledge of it), I wrote 'The Dismissal' solely from a desire to impart his views to the nation, and with the single aim of clearing up the political situation.

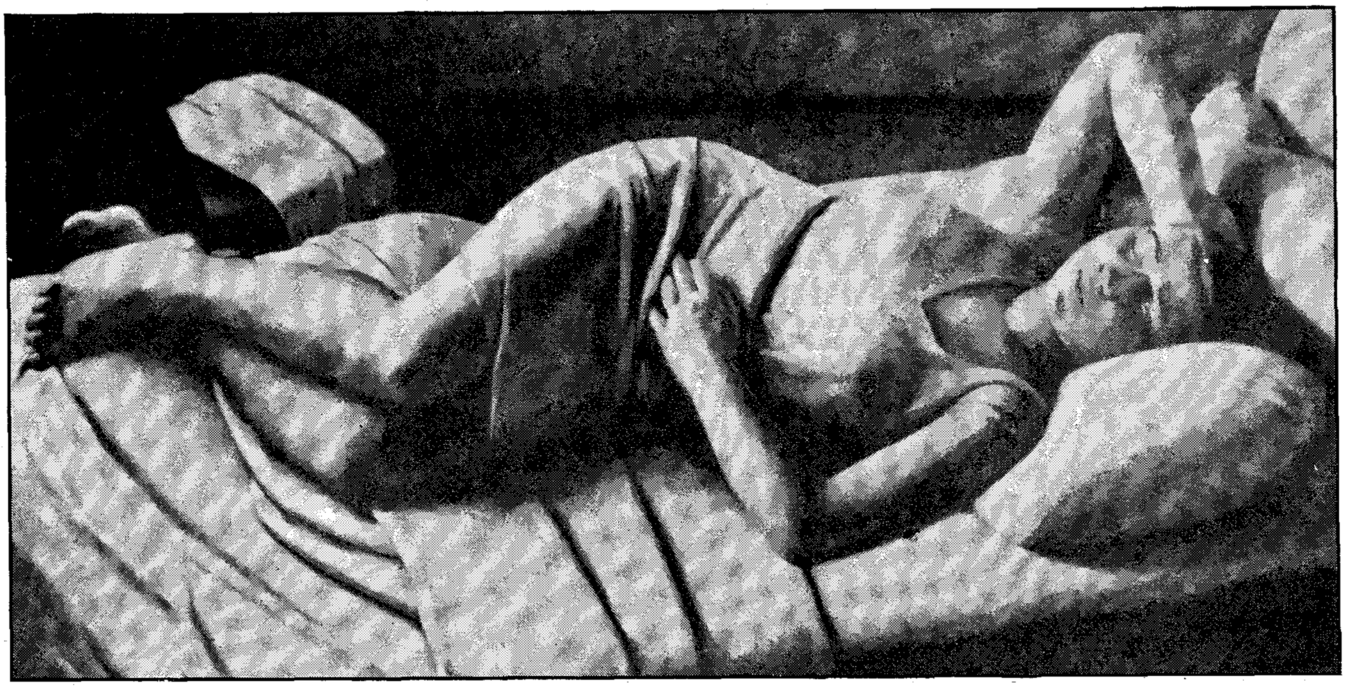
"The play was performed more than a thousand times, and a million Germans saw it, thus in two hours at the theater learning what they could have read in books, but did not read.

"In other ways I tried to oppose war, since its technique now precludes heroic deeds. Europe has become our native land in a new sense; for since airplanes have made Berlin and Paris neighboring cities, European wars are civil wars, tho unattended by the great emancipations which such conflicts have in the past achieved for oppressed majorities."

Camera portrait by Bertram Park

THE PAINTER OF "MORNING"

Mrs. Dod Procter whose picture has been bought by *The Daily Mail* and presented to the nation.



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"MORNING," BY MRS. DOD PROCTER

"Here is no artificial composition reeking of the studio, but a fragment of life, nobly seen and simply stated."

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR IN ENGLAND

ONE SUPERB MASTERPIECE of modern painting appears in this year's Royal Academy in London. It is Mrs. Dod Procter's "Morning," and Mr. Frank Rutter, the critic for the *Sunday Times* (London), is the author of the tribute with which we start, and also the further statement that this "noble painting of a sleeping girl is the outstanding 'picture of the year' so far as the Academy is concerned." While the Academy is one of the important social functions of the year, it is not always that pictures showing the trend of modern ideas of painting gain admission. This one, from Mr. Rutter's enthusiastic notice, would seem to be an exception. We read:

"Fresh from the glories of the Prado, fresher still from the array of contemporary French painting in the Rue de la Boëtie, I find Mrs. Procter's picture a masterpiece fit to hang in any company. Here she has achieved, apparently with consummate ease, that complete presentation of twentieth-century vision in terms of plastic design after which Derain and other much-praised French painters have been groping for years past. She obtains this monumental plasticity of form without any mannerisms or eccentricities by the sheer power and beauty of her painting.

"Here is no artificial composition reeking of the studio, but a fragment of life, nobly seen and simply stated. The girl is a girl of the people, the bedroom is humble and austere in its furnishing. Beyond the girl and the bedclothes, which afford an ascetic but exquisite harmony in grays and pinks, we get but a glimpse of a corner of a chest of drawers, a chair, and the wall beyond. But with these few accessories the picture is full from corner to corner with life, air, and light. These are the elements which Mrs. Procter has organized into a creative design of compelling power and beauty for all who have eyes to see.

"To say that the picture is 'cold' in color is but to acknowledge the justice with which the artist expresses the chill associated with early morn in this climate. If she has preferred the silver tone which Velasquez learned from El Greco to the golden glow of Titian, there is yet the warmth of life in the nacreous hues of the flesh-tints. How exquisite is the painting of that left hand, at rest but full of life. It is only the very greatest of the great masters who have thus succeeded in suggesting the tremulous fluttering of microscopic muscles beneath the surface of the skin. Looked at in detail, or in its splendid entirety, Mrs. Dod Procter's picture is a superb achievement, the greatness of which will probably be still more patent a hundred years hence than it is to-day. For three years now Mrs. Procter has gone steadily forward; if her latest, and greatest, performance is not secured for the nation, a great opportunity will be lost."

Of the artist we read in *The Sketch* (London):

"Mrs. Dod Procter is the wife of the artist, Mr. Ernest Procter, who is also exhibiting this year at Burlington House, and both she and her husband studied at Mr. Stanhope Forbes's school at Newlyn, Cornwall. After her marriage, she and Mr. Procter went to Paris, and on their return, opened an art school at Newlyn in conjunction with Mr. Harold Harvey. In 1921 they accepted an invitation from a Chinese merchant prince to go to Burma to decorate a house there. Mrs. Procter's first important success was in 1925, with her Royal Academy picture, 'The Model.' 'Cissie,' a painting of a woman's head exhibited at the Georges Petit Galleries in Paris, under Sir Joseph Duveen's scheme, has been bought by the French Government."

THE COVER—It was the brilliant Court of Francis I that drew the Flemish painter Jean Clouet from Flanders. He interests us at this moment because he was the father of the artist of our cover, François Clouet, born at Tours, whose dates though somewhat vague are given as 1522 to 1572. Instructed by his father he also became court painter under Francis, and European galleries hold many portraits of royal celebrities of his time attributed to him, tho the curious fact remains that only two signed portraits by him survive—the "Pierre Cutte" in the Louvre and a "Lady in the Bath," Cook Collection, Richmond. Critics attribute to him fifty colored portraits of Henry II, Francis II, and Charles IX, with their families. The oil portrait which we reproduce of "Elizabeth of Austria" hangs in the Louvre. Declared less subtle than his father, François was a greater artist. One very remarkable portrait, a half-length figure of Henry II, is in the collection of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. His execution is simple and precise, sometimes showing the influence of Holbein and the Venetian school. Characterized in the "Encyclopedia Britannica":

"His work is remarkable for the extreme accuracy of the drawing, the elaborate finish of all the details, and the exquisite completeness of the whole portrait. He must have been a man of high intelligence, and of great penetration, intensely interested in his work, and with considerable ability to represent the character of his sitter in his portraits."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

DIRE DANGERS THREATENING FAMILY LIFE

"PROGRESSIVE POLYGAMY," elaborate weddings which are often "pagan and vulgar" and a "definite propaganda for free divorce" are the ugly things mirrored back to us in a picture of American life by Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of historic Trinity Church in New York City. Dr. Stetson's position as rector of one of the oldest and wealthiest Episcopal churches in the United States gives him a wide hearing, and his solemn discussion of the dangers which he sees threatening family life in America are liberally quoted on the front pages of the metropolitan press. The same warning has been repeatedly sounded in other pulpits, but current articles on the subject show no decrease in the work of the divorce courts, and it is rare that the big dailies do not report Americans hastening to Paris to dissolve their marriage bonds. That family life in America is losing its ancient hold is too often admitted for us to be morally comfortable.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

"PROGRESSIVE POLYGAMY"

Says Dr. Caleb R. Stetson, rector of historic Trinity Episcopal church, New York City, is one of the perils toward which American social life seems to be tending.

While he feels sure that the Christian Church is not losing ground "in this time of readjustment and of changing standards of thought and conduct," and while he is certain that definite progress is being made in many ways, writes Dr. Stetson in his prefatory statement to the year book of Trinity Parish, he does think that we are failing to cope with the danger of a breakdown in family life. This breakdown, he believes, is due in large measure to the attitude of apparently the majority of people toward the marriage bond. Simply to decry divorce does not get us very far in remedying matters, Dr. Stetson goes on, and adds:

"It is true that divorces are increasing in this country at an alarming rate. I believe that in one of our States there are as many divorces as marriages. And in the whole country there were reported in the last figures I have been able to obtain one divorce to a fraction over six marriages. So that it would appear that out of every six couples married there is one divorce.

"There is a definite propaganda for freer divorce which seems to be making considerable headway. We may even come to the point where trial marriages may be legalized; or to the condition in Soviet Russia, where divorce is granted without question on the application of both or even one of the parties to a marriage. But the Church, as Church, can not do much toward restricting divorce by legislation. We have too many kinds of religion and too much nonreligion in this country to make that possible."

What the Church can do, Dr. Stetson goes on, is to educate her own children and care for them. The Church, he urges, should draw the distinction more clearly than ever before between civil and religious marriage ceremonies, for "unfortunately, we have allowed our churches to be used by people who do not understand what Christian marriage is or requires, and we have been altogether too willing to marry people who should be married by a civil officer." On the Church view-point, Dr. Stetson says:

"No matter what may be the standards of the State with regard to civil marriage, the standards of the Church in regard to Christian marriage do not change and can not change. It is conceivable that some time our country might come to the pass where the Government might make polygamy legal; but that would not change the standards of the Church or the duty of Christians to live up to those standards. It may even be argued that legalized polygamy has certain features which recommend it as compared with the progressive polygamy and respectable promiscuity toward which we seem to be tending. Polygamy, as practised in the East, at least preserved the home for the children, while our modern practise of easy divorce destroys the permanence of the home and provides no way for the proper care of children, except for the suggestion made by the extremists that the State should take care of all children and the family be entirely destroyed. But even if this should happen, the Church could not and would not change her teaching.

"Christian marriage is the union of two Christian people who, being members of Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, wish to live together as man and wife for the rest of their lives, and to found a Christian home. They need God's help in the accomplishment of this purpose as in every other, and come to the Church to pledge loyalty and to promise faithfulness and to receive the blessing of Almighty God. It has been my thought for years that the Church should reserve this ceremony for her own children who are known to her and who honestly purpose to live together after God's ordinance. We call this 'Holy Matrimony,' and when entered into in the right spirit it is a holy and 'honorable estate instituted of God,' as our Prayer Book rightly says.

"But many marriages can not be said to be contracted in this spirit. There are many persons who think and say that when what is called 'love' has died, as the sort of 'love' they mean does die, then man and wife should separate. What they mean by love is in many cases simply sex-appeal, or a passing whim."

The Trinity Church rector then takes occasion to point to what he says is the insincerity of the fashionable church wedding, as he continues:

"Christian marriage is based on something much more lasting than this, and only those who believe in the Christian ideal of marriage should have the right to be married in church. It would strengthen our position and contribute to the permanence of marriage if the Church as a whole should refuse Christian marriage to those who are not our people and who merely want a 'church wedding' or who like the beauty of our marriage service. Such people should be told that they should have a civil marriage. The fashionable church wedding is often vulgar as well as pagan. The Church is turned over to a florist who does his best to take away every appearance of the Holy Place from the sanctuary and to advertise the wealth of the contracting parties. Often one hears of such weddings where orchestras are engaged to entertain the spectators, and crowds gather in the streets to catch a glimpse of the bride, of whom they know nothing except that she is rich. There is no excuse for the use of the Church for such display. It were far better if such weddings took place in a hall where an adequate entertainment could properly be given!

"Let the church wedding be restricted to those who honestly desire the Church's blessing and who seriously purpose to be loyal to the Church's discipline and to lead a Christian life with God's help. For those who are not baptised or who have no understanding of the Church's teaching, and no intention of taking one another 'for better or for worse,' it would be more seemly for them to be married by a civil officer. Our Church must make clear what her ideals of marriage are. She must show to all men that Holy Matrimony is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in fear of God.

"Very little is accomplished by merely decrying an evil: very little is accomplished by merely railing at divorce. The best time to stop divorce is before marriage—not after. I do hope that our Church will awake to her responsibility in this most important matter. We in Trinity Parish are very careful about all this. We do not marry people indiscriminately. We marry only those who have been baptised, and we throw as many safeguards about this solemn act as possible. But the need is for the whole Church to act and to stand before our country as upholding the high standards of Christian marriage which are clearly stated in our marriage service, and are set forth in its very title, 'The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.'"

"THY BLESSING, LORD, ON ALL VACATION DAYS!"

By Molly Anderson Haley

Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days!
For weary ones who seek the quiet ways,
Fare forth beyond the thunder of the street,
The marvel of Emmaus Road repeat;
Thy comradeship so graciously bestow
Their hearts shall burn within them as they go.

Grant those who turn for healing to the sea
May find the faith that once by Galilee
Flamed brighter than the glowing fire of coals.
And when Thou hast refreshed their hungry souls,
Speak the old words again, beside the deep,
Bid all who love Thee, Master, feed Thy sheep!

Be Thou with those who bide where mountains rise,
Where yearning earth draws nearest to the skies!
Give them the peace, the courage that they ask:
New strength to face the waiting valley task,
New light to lead through shrouding valley haze!
Thy blessing, Lord, on all vacation days!

—*The Churchman, New York*

In commenting on Dr. Stetson's powerful warning against the dangers threatening marriage, the New York *Times* says that "if the churches stood aggressively together in this view of their responsibility, they should be able to quicken such a sentiment in support of our traditional respect for the institution of marriage as would protect it even against the 'progressive polygamy' which certain States not only tolerate but encourage. They might even aid by refusing, as Dr. Stetson suggests, to let their sanctuaries be used for the ostentatious and vulgar celebration of a sordid relationship which to all intents and purposes is pagan." It would be well if all religious establishments were as careful as Trinity in not marrying people indiscriminately, observes the New York *Sun*, "for there is no question that loose practise in this confuses the public as to the meaning of the religious service, and exposes churchmen to embarrassment when they protest against divorce. Christians should so order their houses that when they denounce what they disapprove in the houses of others their own deliberate acts could not be cited to their discomfiture." Dr. Stetson is speaking to the members of his own communion on elaborate church weddings, notes the Newark *News*, but the principle, it asserts, need not be restricted to Episcopalians. "Almost daily," we read, "word comes from Paris of the dissolution of marital bonds assumed by couples whose weddings were most elaborate, full of symbolisms extant in days long before Christianity. For some reason Episcopal churches are chosen for such displays by people whose connection with its forms and ceremonies is remote, if even existent." The attitude of the Episcopal Church toward divorce, we are told, has not changed from the first. However,

"Of late there has been a movement toward remarriage of the innocent party in a divorce based on adultery, but the matter is still in committee of the general convention. To say the least, couples not willing to accept the Church's standpoint on divorce are not playing fair when they contract alliances under the egis of that Church—with their tongues in their cheeks. And add to their misdoing by blocking Fifth Avenue traffic while the travesty is being played."

As for the principle of monogamy, the St. Paul *Dispatch* says that "ages of experience by the trial and error method have shown it to be the strongest of all human institutions."

JEWISH AID FOR SOUTHERN NEGROES

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PICTURE in America is that which the Julius Rosenwald fund is painting across the map of the Southern States, says *The Christian Century* (Nondenominational) enthusiastically. It is only fifteen years since "this modest, retiring Jewish merchant" established the fund for the encouragement of adequate education for negro children, especially in the South, but its results are already writ large. The Rosenwald fund provides part of the money wherever a Southern State, together with a local negro community, provides the remainder necessary for the building of schools of modern type, in which an adequate education may be given. The negro community involved must give a sum equal to or greater than that given by the fund. One or more rooms, we read further, must be dedicated to industrial education in every Rosenwald school, and there must be at least two acres of ground for agricultural instruction. When completed, the schools become public-school property. Statistics are usually tiresome things, says *The Christian Century:*

"But to those who look with foreboding on the race question in the United States some statistics as to the present status of education for negroes in the South will prove worth noting. There were 86,610 schoolhouses of all kinds in the fourteen Southern States in 1924, when the Federal bureau of education compiled its latest figures. On July 1 a year ago there were 24,079 schools for negroes. Of these, 22,494 (93.4 per cent.) were rural. The simple, one-teacher type of school made up 63.8 per cent. of these negro schools; the two-teacher school, 18.8 per cent; the three-teacher school, 7.1 per cent., and the four-teacher and larger, 10.3 per cent. of all rural negro schools in the South. The influence of the Rosenwald fund is even more clear when it is said that only 5.0 per cent. of the one-teacher schools are Rosenwald schools, while 29.3 per cent. of the two-teacher, 31.2 per cent. of the three-teacher, and 31.7 per cent. of the four-teacher and larger schools for negroes have been helped by this fund. These Rosenwald schools provide 27.4 per cent. of the pupil capacity for the total rural enrolment of negro children."

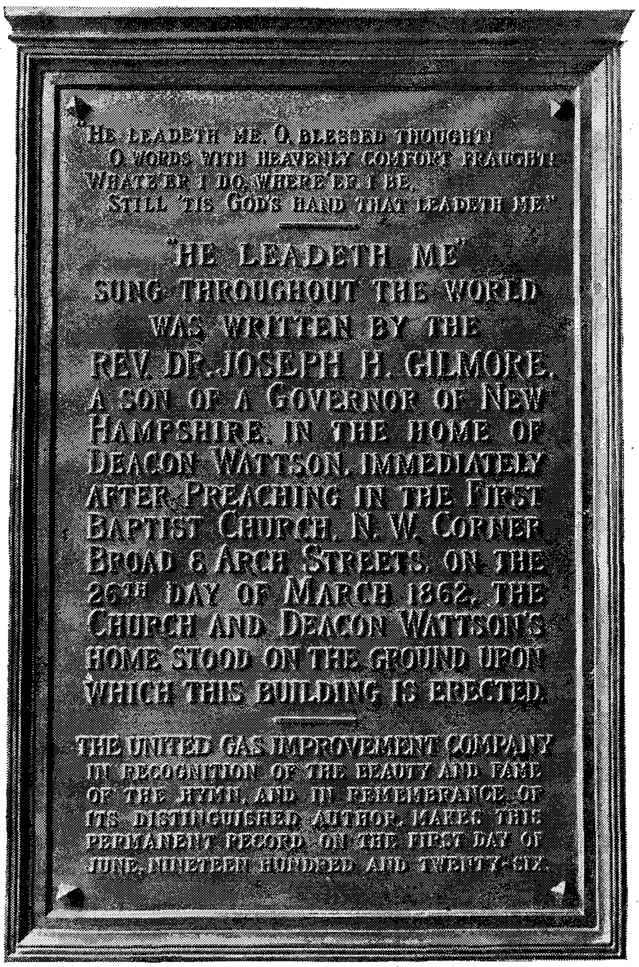
The influence of the Rosenwald fund, we are told, is seen not only in the establishment of these modern primary-school plants, but in the general improvement in educational facilities for negroes throughout the South. The case of the high schools is taken as an illustration:

"Here the State must provide facilities without outside help. But the presence of a multiplying group of young negroes ready for high school and eager for high school has, together with the inspiration of progress in the lower grades, brought a marked improvement in the provision of secondary education. There are now 209 four-year accredited negro high schools, North Carolina leading with 49 and Texas coming second with 25. There are, in addition, 592 non-accredited schools doing from two to four years of high-school work. The total enrolment in these schools, when these figures were gathered a year ago, was 68,606, and 6,435 young negroes had graduated that year at the completion of a full four-year course. It will be seen that this means that almost 40 per cent. of the total enrolment is staying in high school long enough to graduate—a fine showing.

"But we go back to the picture. Some amazing and enheartening things are happening in America these days. Some things big with portent for the future are being undertaken. But among all the contributions to our national beauty or our national strength, we know of none comparable with the painting of this picture. We lift our hand in salute to the vision and the courage of the man who first conceived the map of these great States as his canvas, and then dared to sweep upon it such a glorious composition as this."

A GAS COMPANY'S MEMORIAL TO A HYMN

GAS AND RELIGION are not commonly associated in the mind, and it is the more interesting, therefore, to read that the United Gas Improvement Company, a $100,000,000 corporation of Philadelphia, has been inspired to dedicate a tablet to a great hymn, "He Leadeth Me," written by the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Gilmore in 1862. The hymn was written in a house on the spot now occupied by the gas company's new building at Broad and Arch Streets, and the tablet is placed on the Arch Street side. The information that paved the way for the erection of the tablet, we read in the Philadelphia *Record*, was given two years ago to an official of the gas company by the late Rev. Dr. John Gordon, a Baptist clergyman who was for many years an associate of the late Dr. Russell H. Conwell. Dr. Gordon pointed to a brownstone dwelling, adjoining the gas company building, and said: "The old dwelling has a remarkable history; a wonderful hymn, 'He Leadeth Me,' was written there." The building came down to make way for an annex to the gas building, but the official decided that the historic spot should not be wiped from memory.


"HE LEADETH ME, O BLESSED THOUGHT!
O WORDS WITH HEAVENLY COMFORT FRAUGHT!
WHATE'ER I DO, WHERE'ER I BE,
STILL 'TIS GOD'S HAND THAT LEADETH ME."
"HE LEADETH ME"
SUNG THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
WAS WRITTEN BY THE
REV. DR. JOSEPH H. GILMORE,
A SON OF A GOVERNOR OF NEW
HAMPSHIRE, IN THE HOME OF
DEACON WATTSON, IMMEDIATELY
AFTER PREACHING IN THE FIRST
BAPTIST CHURCH, N. W. CORNER
BROAD & ARCH STREETS, ON THE
26TH DAY OF MARCH 1862. THE
CHURCH AND DEACON WATTSON'S
HOME STOOD ON THE GROUND UPON
WHICH THIS BUILDING IS ERECTED.
THE UNITED GAS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY
IN RECOGNITION OF THE BEAUTY AND FAME
OF THE HYMN, AND IN REMEMBRANCE OF
ITS DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, MAKES THIS
PERMANENT RECORD ON THE FIRST DAY OF
JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX.

A HYMN KNOWN ROUND THE WORLD

The tablet was erected by the United Gas Improvement Company of Philadelphia on the site of the house where the hymn was written, now occupied by the gas company's building.

At the time the hymn was written Dr. Gilmore was supplying for a couple of Sundays in the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. At the mid-week service, March 26, 1862, he was giving an exposition of the Twenty-third Psalm, but got no further than the words, "He Leadeth Me," they impress him so. After the meeting he went to the home of Deacon Wattson, and there penciled the hymn that was to become famous and to spread over the whole world. He handed it to his wife, and, as his account is repeated in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

"It occurred to her months afterward to send the hymn to *The Watchman and Reflector*, a paper published in Boston, where it was first printed. In that paper it attracted the attention of William B. Bradbury, who slightly modified the refrain and set the hymn to the music which has done so much to promote its popularity. As I wrote the hymn, the refrain consisted of only two lines. Mr. Bradbury added the other two. In other respects the hymn stands just as I wrote it in Deacon Wattson's parlor, talking and writing at the same time.

"I did not know until 1865 that my hymn had been set to music. I went to Rochester to preach as a candidate before the Second Baptist Church. Going into their chapel on the day that I reached the city, I took up a hymnal to see what they sang and opened it at my own hymn, 'He Leadeth Me.' I accepted it as an indication of Divine guidance, and have no doubt I was right.

"The hymn has been translated into many different languages, perhaps more than any other modern hymn, as it appeals especially to the wanderer and the outcast, and I have received many touching testimonials to the comfort and help it has rendered God's dear children. It was to that end, I take it, that He put it into my mind and heart when, as it must be seen, I hadn't the faintest conception of what I was doing.

"Bishop Paddock insisted that the hymn should be included in the revised hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church, saying, 'How could I conduct a service in a home for the aged if I couldn't give out "He Leadeth Me"?'

"One of my former students writes me that it is the favorite hymn of the Japanese Christians. The hymn was actually sung in a Chinese court of justice by a Chinese, who had never seen a white missionary, to show the presiding Justice what a Christian hymn was like. The man was on trial for renting a building to some Christians who had opened an opium refuge, and having told the Judge that, at their meetings, the Christians prayed and sang hymns, he was asked for a specimen hymn. He sang 'He Leadeth Me.'"

ARE MINISTERS REALLY NOT IN EARNEST?—Ministers have been charged with sundry and divers sins of omission and commission, even to being almost a complete hindrance to the Church. It has been said of them that they have no passion for social righteousness, no passion for industrial justice, no passion for the souls of men anywhere in the world. Another indictment says that if the ministers do not dig more deeply into the tragedy of the churches' waning power over children, it is just as well that the children stay away from church. Taking note of these charges, *The Reformed Church Messenger* comments:

"There are hardly any more damaging charges that could be made against the pastors of our day than these two: 1. That they are not really in earnest; 2. That they are failing to win and hold the children. There may be a modicum of excuse with regard to the latter, because of the lack of cooperation on the part of parents, the changing conditions of home life and the breaking down of former social controls, but what excuse could possibly be given for the failure to be in earnest, for the lack of a genuine enthusiasm, for a cold, indifferent heart which knows no master passion for the greatest cause under heaven! Of course, the charge is not made that there are no ministers of the churches who are faithful to their high trust. The indictment is against 'the average pastor.' Josh Billings once wrote that 'the average man is a lunk-head.' On the basis of such a pessimistic appraisal, perhaps we should not expect too much of the 'average' minister. No pastor should be willing, however, to be merely average; surely none has the right to be satisfied to be below the average. Every man below the average is pulling the average down. May God help us rather to raise the average, and to prove by our lives that, whatever our shortcomings may be, it can not be truthfully said of us that we are not in earnest. May men see in us such a mighty enthusiasm that they can not deny we have a master-passion for Christ and His Church."

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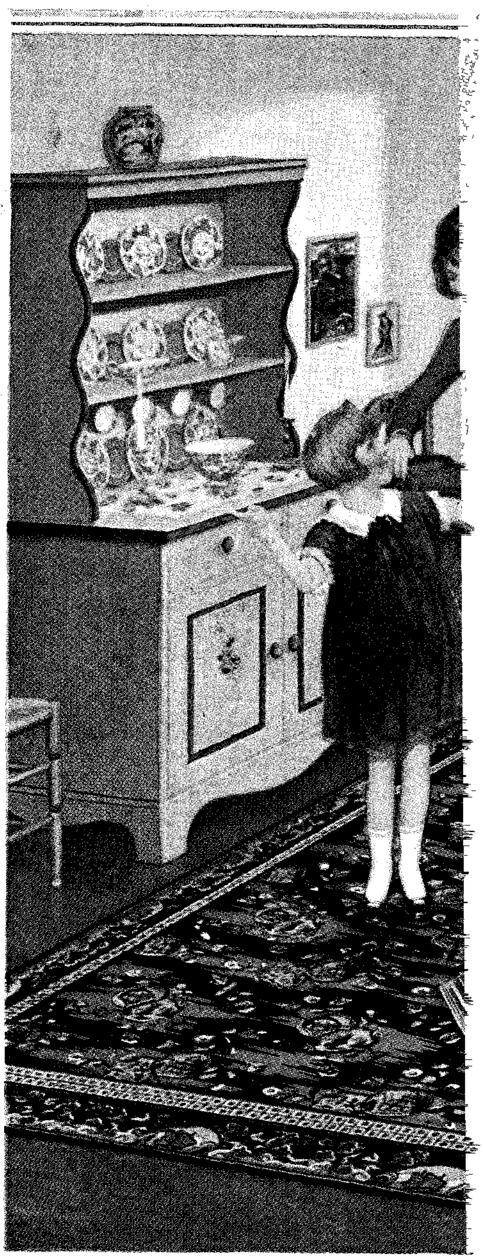

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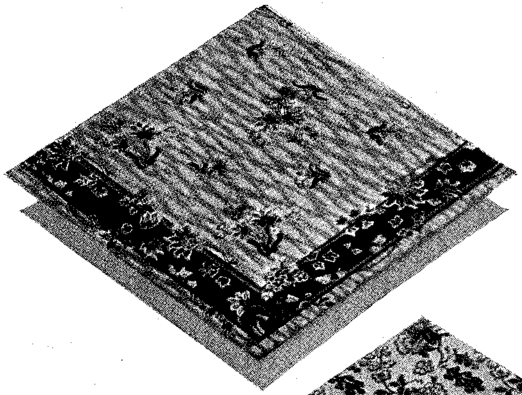

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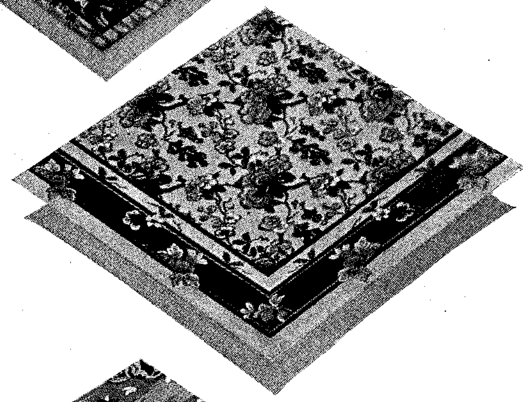

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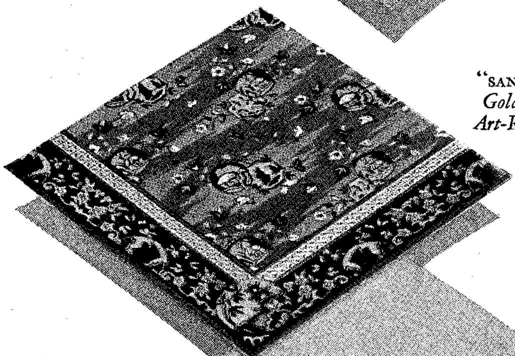

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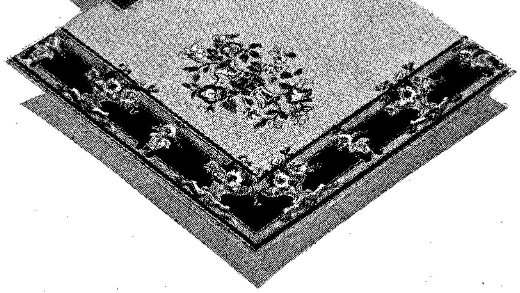

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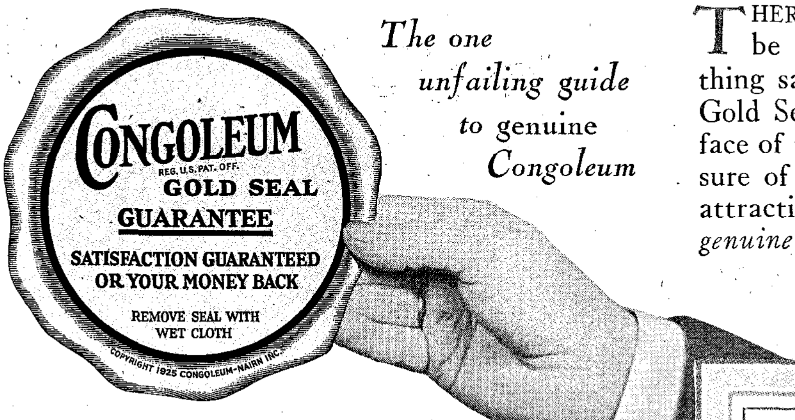
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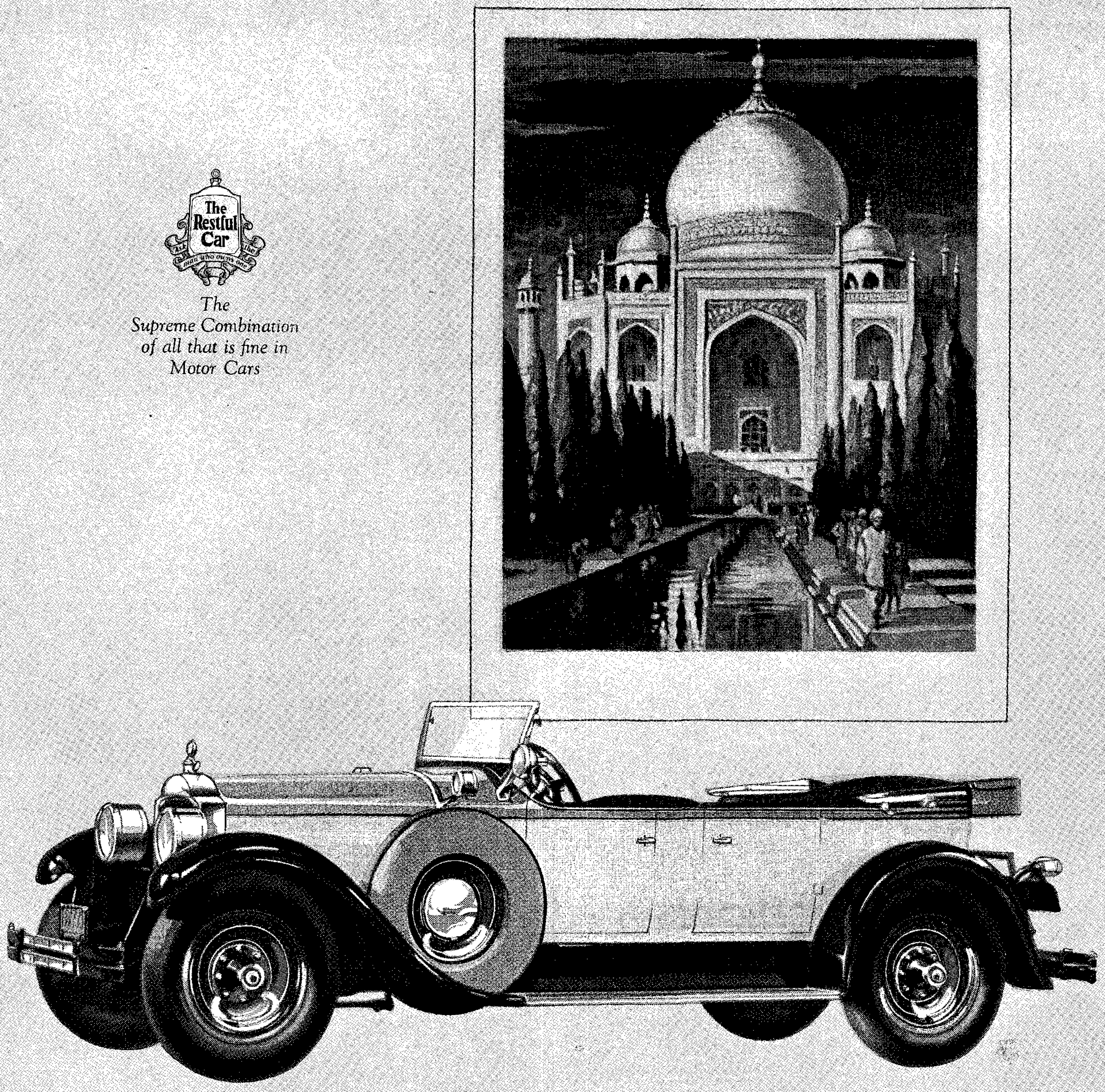

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CURRENT POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

While Lindbergh pursues his course through the States, it can not come amiss to greet him with a poem now and then. So we reprint, with permission, from *The Youth's Companion* (Boston) these verses by a member of the Byrd family, tho we had about come to think the last word had been said on the ocean flight:

THE BALLAD OF LUCKY LINDBERGH

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Speech in the gloom, and the shadows stirred,
A glimmer of shapes in the lifting light;
A quiver, a roar, a quiet word,
And a great gray eagle is spread for flight.
Up, with the dark on its dauntless wings,
Keen and clean through the dripping dawn,
Up from the sleeping midst of things,
Young America out and gone!

He is up and off with the east in his eyes
And all of his destiny in his hand.
Dim below him in beauty lies
The quaint-curved coast of his native land.
Here a tower and there a spire
Pricks his course in the gathering day;
With a face like flint and a heart on fire,
Lucky Lindbergh is off and away!

Luck of a body strong and straight
As a taut young pine on the top of a hill;
Luck of a purpose that early, late,
Wrought and strove with a steadfast will;
Luck of a dream Youth dreamed until
The hour was on him to do and dare—
After a night of murk and chill
This is the luck that took the air!

There is rain on the sea, there is wrath in the sky,
The angry ocean is loud below,
The hosts of the hail are shrieking by,
And the wildest winds of the compass blow;
But up and on, with the ice in his hair,
Climbing the clouds, a valiant form,
Forward and forward, swift and spare,
Lindbergh the Lucky outrides the storm.

A day and a night, a day and a night—
Never was man so stark alone!
Behind, no gleam of a homeland light,
Beyond, no shore but the black Unknown;
The winds of the worlds against his brow,
The chill of the universe on his breath,
Danger a demon beside his prow,
And every moment at grips with death!

A day and a night where the tempests meet,
Each furious mile like a fierce refrain;
The blood of his Viking fathers beat
A wild old melody in his brain:
He would make, as they made, a path for men,
He would fling a trail down the trackless sky—
So it surged in the tumult again, again,
The luck of Lindbergh that would not die.

The luck that lives in a heart's great plan
And will not falter for any fear;
The dream that stirs in the deep of a man—
Flame of his spirit, keen and clear:
That was the vision that would not rest,
Pure, unquenchable, upward drawn;
That was the luck that out of the west
Clave, like an arrow, the second dawn.

Till late at last, in a drift of green,
Ireland, fairer than heart had known;
England, brushed with a silver sheen,
Devon pasture and Cornish stone;
The Channel thin as he forges higher;
Then, at the leap of his longing glance,
Haven of hope and his heart's desire,
Lovely as Heaven—*France! France! France!*

Fling out the banners of two great lands,
Lift two songs that shall blend as one,
Over the conquered sea—strike hands!
This tired stripling is Glory's son!
For earth's adventurers, near and far,
For all Youth's passion of life and soul—
Drawn of his Dream and steered by his Star,
Lucky Lindbergh has made the goal!

If this were a question test, one might ask, What have these two words to do with Ceylon? or What relation does the poem bear to Kubla Khan? Blame *Harper's* if you can not answer:

SERENDIP AND TAPROBANE

By Anne Atwood Dodge

Serendip and Taprobane—
Words as argent-chimed as rain,
Words like little golden beads,
Apple and pomegranate seeds,
Strung upon a silver thread,
Little drops of lacquer-red,
Tintinnabular and sweet.
Little words with crystal feet
Running lightly through my mind.
If my lazy wit could find
Gilded phrases to express
Their perfected loveliness,
I would make a cage of words
Where, like bright heraldic birds,
They should strut and flaunt and preen,
Scarlet, silver, gold and green,
Elegantly strange and vain—
Serendip and Taprobane.

Let the poets not cease their protest, for summer furs seem just as much in demand as winter. *The Saturday Review* (London) gives us this word from the patriarch:

THE LADY IN THE CHRISTMAS FURS

By Thomas Hardy

"I'm a lofty lovely woman,"
Says the lady in the furs,
In the glance she throws around her
On the poorer dames and sirs:
"This robe, that cost three figures,
Yes, is mine," her nod avers.

"True, my money did not buy it,
But my husband's, from the trade;
And they, they only got it
From things feeble and afraid
By murdering them in ambush
With a cunning engine's aid.

"True, my hands, too, did not shape it
To the pretty cut you see,
But the hands of midnight workers
Who are strangers quite to me:
It was fitted, too, by dressers
Ranged around me toilsomely.

"But I am a lovely lady,
Though sneerers say I shine
By robbing Nature's children
Of apparel not mine,
And that I am but a broomstick,
Like a scarecrow's wooden spine."

The nostalgia for the old home across the sea invades nearly all of us, especially those, like this writer in *The Commonweal*, who brings forth ancestral memories to spur the wanderlust:

THERE IS A GARDEN

By Marion Ethel Hamilton

There is a garden waits for me somewhere
Across the sea, in islands cool and green.
It is a country I have never seen,
And yet, in dreams, I breathe its soft, grey air,
And feel its white fog fingers in my hair.
O tell me, do the heavy lilacs lean
Along the lanes of villages serene?
And is dusk luminous with plum and pear?

I think late twilights lie on emerald lawns,
And shadows, like dark men, lurk under trees;
While sound of surf from the surrounding seas
Goes beating through one's sleep, into the dawns.
And there are little lambs, on soft, green hills,
And, I have heard, daisies and daffodils.

Another poem by the French Ambassador, Paul Claudel, is furnished by *The Forum*, in a free translation by Dr. Henry van Dyke, one-time American Minister to the Netherlands:

THE CHILD JESUS OF PRAGUE

By Paul Claudel

It snows,—the great world must be dead,—
December!
Dear God, how good it is in this small chamber,
While from the fire-place ruddy embers glowing
Their sleepy rose-lights on the wall are throwing!
We hear the water dripping from the leads:
High on the shelf above our white twin beds
We see the Child, our Saviour, with his crown,
A lovely boy clad in a kingly gown,—
Jesus of Prague! One hand upholds the globe;
The other stretches out his solemn robe,
To shield the little ones who throng to him
For love and shelter in a world too grim.
Facing the hearth, where flame and shadow mix,
He stands alone like the Host within the Pyx,
A holy presence, guarding through the night
The poor young brother souls who trust his might.
Soft as a breath that silent leaves the air,
The Life Eternal breathes, and all may share
Its blessing; creatures harmless and naive
All kinds of comfort from that Life receive.
We're safe! Our brother Jesus Christ is here;
And where he is no evil can come near.
He's ours! And all these pretty things and good,—
The marvelous doll, the sturdy horse of wood,
Are in their corner with the woolly sheep,—
Jesus and these are ours, and ours to keep!
Curtains are drawn; now let us go to sleep.
Far down below, one hardly can tell where,
A distant clock chimes through the snowy air.
Warm in his little bed the drowsy boy
Nestles and snuggles, comprehends with joy
That he's asleep and Some One that he loves
Is near. He murmurs; one bare arm he shoves
Out of the blanket, stirs as if to make
An end of slumber,—but he can not wake.

For a moment only one thinks of Browning's "Childe Roland" in this poem in *The Commonweal;* but that perhaps is only a tribute to community of experience.

AWAKENING

By Vaughn Francis Meisling

When shall I follow the keen spears gleaming
Sharp in the sun above dust-blowing tracks,
Down where each proud-borne banner is streaming,
Voiced with the wind like a whip that cracks;

Down where the path is barren and blinding,
Blazed in the plain by the heroes of yore,
Mounting and pitching, wearily winding,
Strewn with the bones of the men before;

Leaving the smooth, calm ways to go trailing
Endlessly after a dull, grey dawn,
Bent by the load and the four winds' flailing,
Drunk with the wine of the bitter morn?

An echo, perhaps of Paul Verlaine is seen in some of these lines, in *Scribner's*, but in overtones rather than in matter:

SUMMER LAWN-PARTY

By S. Foster Damon

The tables placed about the green
Glow in the dark beneath the trees,
Unconscious copies of the moon;
And violins are heard between
The tinkling silver and the breeze,
Playing an amorous new tune. . . .

Within her brain, unspoken quips
Lose all their veiled, malicious sting,
Make themselves gentle, wholly fade;
She dreams with still half-parted lips,
A single finger following
The veining of her new brocade

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

WHEN "LUCKY SLIM" WENT A-BARNSTORMING

P. & A. photograph

THE PLAYBOY OF THE ATMOSPHERE

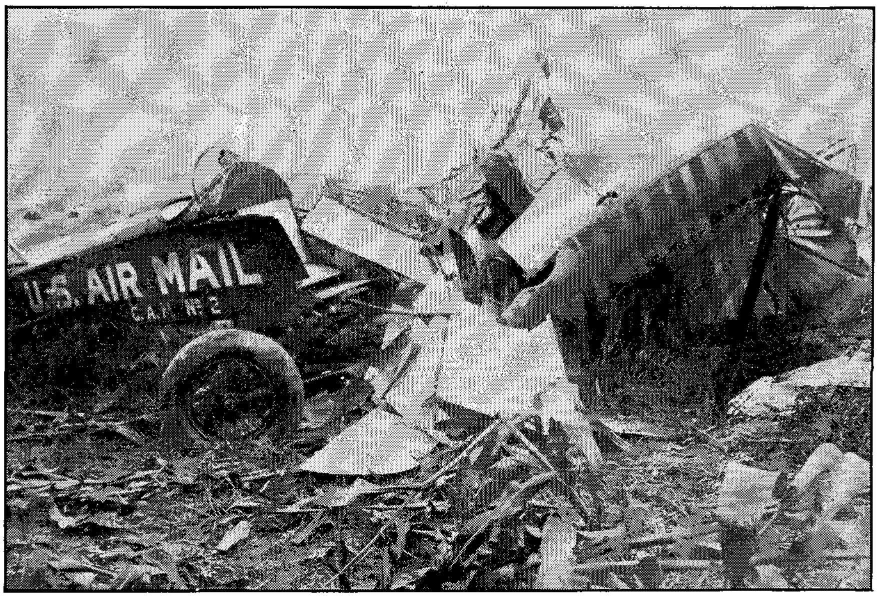
Perfected by daredevil stunts as well as by careful training, Lindbergh was well equipped to become a fearless air-mail pilot and the Admirable Crichton of pioneer transoceanic flyers.

WING-WALKING WAS ONE OF HIS STUNTS. Often, he tells us, his side-partner, E. G. Bahl, with whom he was making a barnstorming trip through southeastern Nebraska, would attract a crowd to the pasture or stubble-field chosen for their show-ground by flying low over the town with a tall youth teetering on one of the wing-tips—a lanky youth, whose shrewd and engaging smile was destined to become known in every corner of the earth. And now we get the story from Colonel Lindbergh's book, "We" (Putnam's), in which he gives a generous amount of space to the harum-scarum incidents of his early flying days. "As crisp as Cæsar's Commentaries" is one reviewer's comment on "We," and the comparison is a happy one. Here we trace the making of an airman—and particularly of an air-mail pilot—through a maze of happy-go-lucky adventures, some thrilling, some ludicrous, and all enveloped in a magical atmosphere of youth and Olympian carelessness. One gets the impression that Charlie Lindbergh grew up to play at flying, just as most young Charlies grow up to play at roller-skating. Also one begins to understand how it happened that, in a period when the current slang encouraged a person to call himself a "dancin' fool" or a "singin' fool," in the sense of being enthusiastic about the designated amusement, the name "flyin' fool" should have been bestowed, as an affectionate compliment, upon this cheerful and indefatigable bird-man. In a note prefacing his early flying reminiscences, he reminds the reader that these things happened before flying laws and the aeronautical branch of the Department of Commerce came into existence, and are not to be taken as descriptive of modern commercial flying conditions, with all the safeguards since adopted. The reader is likely, however, to view with an indulgent eye the flighty pranks of those undisciplined days, reflecting that they produced a great generation of airmen, whose present services are beyond valuation, and whose tradition will be an inspiration. The familiar phrase, "only the air-mail planes came through," occurring at the conclusion of a dispatch describing a howling blizzard, broken wires and stalled trains, is quoted at the outset of a *World's Work* article in which Howard Mingos recounts some of the unsung glories and tragedies of the air mail, including perilous experiences of Lindbergh himself; and the article makes an interesting document for reference in the light of the Colonel's book. Mr. Mingos gives us this picture:

> A lone plane hurtling through space at nearly two miles a minute, ice-sheathed or slippery wet with fog, its pilot half-frozen and blinded by snow or mist, fighting with every ounce of energy to keep his ship on a true course a mile or more above the earth which he can not see—such is the service that trained Charles A. Lindbergh and that has made our air-mail pilots the best in the world.

How far the care-free feats of barnstorming, as described by Colonel Lindbergh in "We," are to be credited with having paved the way for that heroic service, is a question for history to settle. Meanwhile it is interesting to catch a glimpse of Charlie Lindbergh in March, 1922, at the age of twenty, having decided to make aviation his life's work, hopping out on his motor-cycle from the University of Wisconsin and heading for Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was already enrolled as a flying student with the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation. The world knows how he soared across the Atlantic, and now we may see how he learned to soar at all. He tells us that his first flight as a passenger was made in a Lincoln Standard, with Otto Timm piloting. After which:

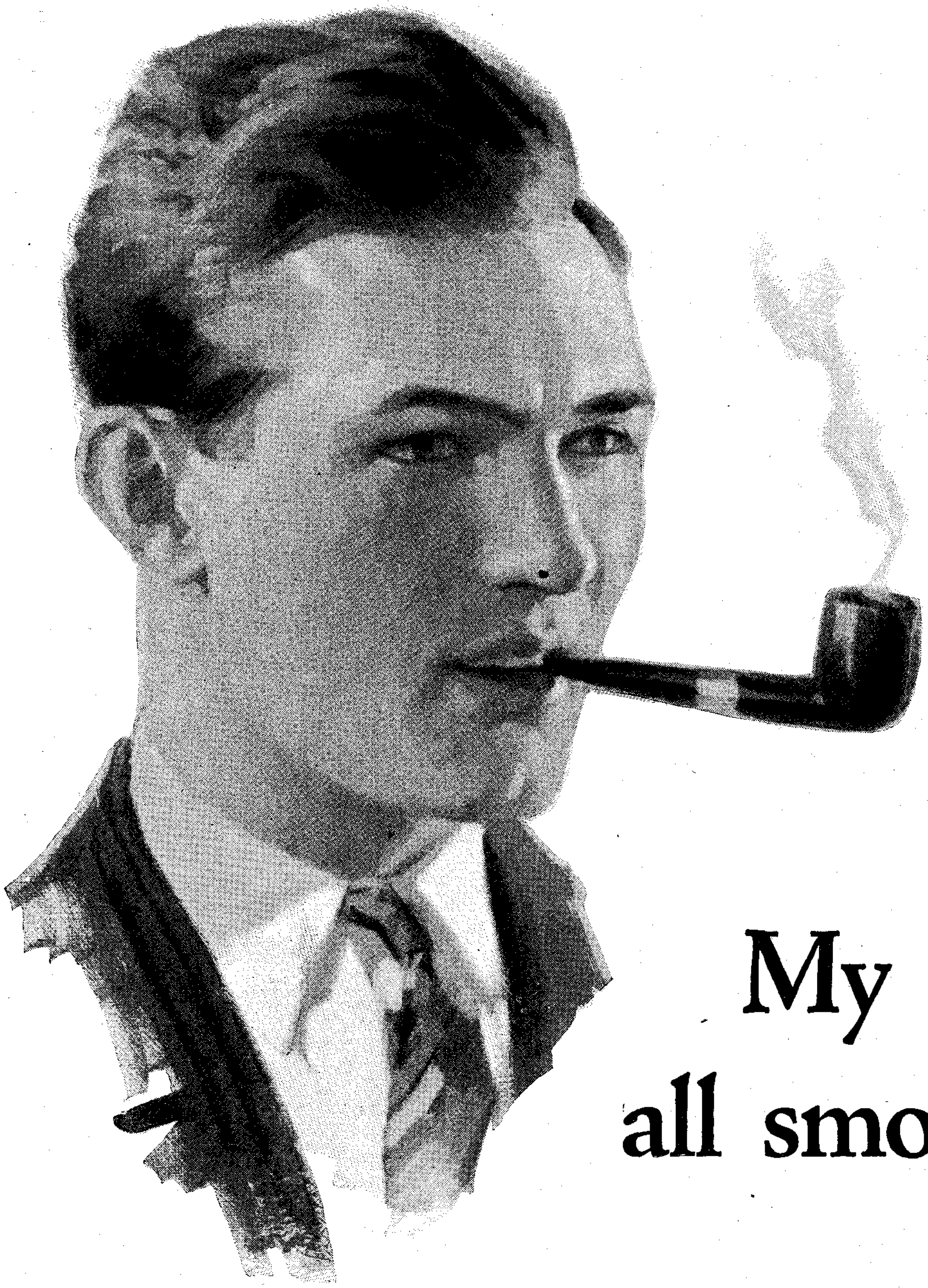
> I received my first instruction in the same plane a few days later under I. O. Biffle, who was known at the Nebraska Aircraft Corporation as the most "hard-boiled" instructor the Army ever had during the war.
>
> The next two months were spent in obtaining, in one way or



International Newsreel photograph

AFTER "LINDY'S" FOURTH PARACHUTE ESCAPE

Trapt above Illinois storm clouds, with exhausted fuel tanks, he descended in safety—and this was what happened to the plane.



My crowd all smoke P. A.

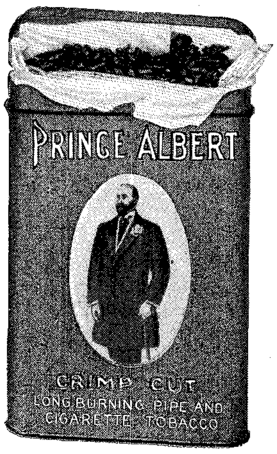
THAT doesn't mean I smoke it because the rest of the fellows do. I've got ideas of my own. If you pinned me down to reasons, I'd say I smoke Prince Albert *because I like it!* That's reason enough for me. But if you want details, I'll give them to you.

First of all, P. A. is delightfully fragrant. When you open the tidy red tin and that aroma bursts upon the air, you can hardly wait to taste such tobacco in your pipe. The smoke itself makes good on the advance notices broadcast by the fragrance.

Cool as an alarm-clock doing its stuff. Sweet as the recollection that you have the day off. Mild as the congratulations of the defeated candidate. So mild, in fact, that it never bites the tongue or parches the throat. Yet with plenty of rich, satisfying tobacco-body.

I don't know what brand you're smoking now, but I *do* know what you'll be smoking "from now on" when you try this cool, long-burning tobacco I've been telling you about. If you want to get the most out of your pipe, pack it with P. A. That's *my* advice.

P. A. *is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.*



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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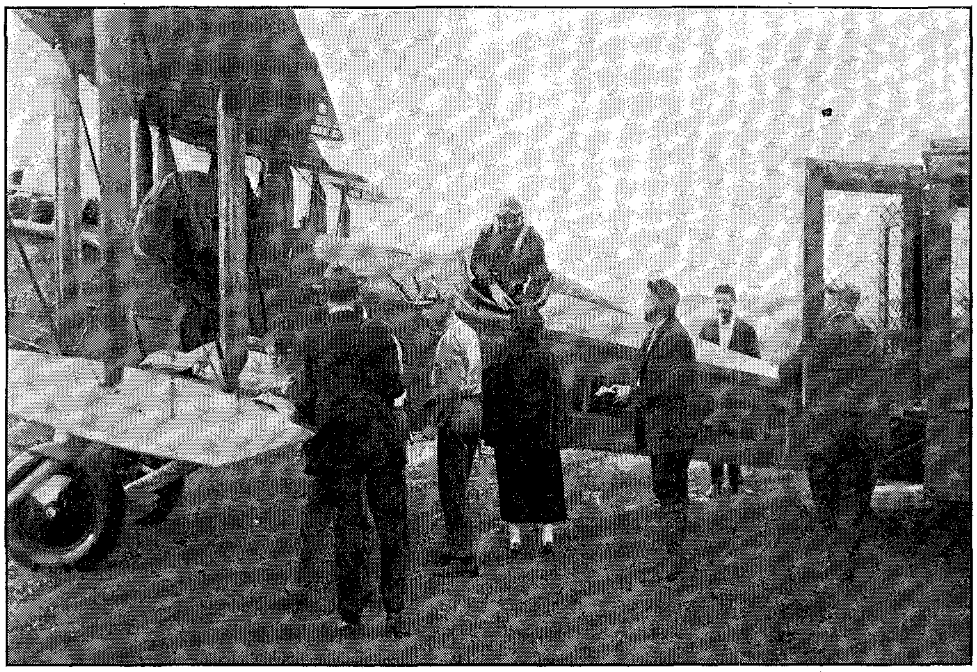
another, my flying instruction, and in learning what I could around the factory, as there was no ground school in connection with the flying course at that time.

We did most of our flying in the early morning or late evening on account of the strong Nebraska winds in midday with their corresponding rough air which makes flying so difficult for a student.

I believe that I got more than my share of rough-weather flying, however, because my instructor, or "Biff" as we used to call him, had certain very definite views on life, one of which was that early morning was not made as a time for instructors to arise. So as I was the only student and Biff my only instructor, I did very little early morning flying.

By the end of May I had received about eight hours of instruction which (in addition to the $500 cost of my flying course) had required about $150 for train fare and personal expenses.

One morning Biff announced that I was ready to solo, but the president of the company required a bond to cover possible breakage of the plane, which I was not able to furnish. As a result I did not take a plane up by myself until several months later.



International Newsreel photograph

AS REGULAR AS THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Thanks in part to the resourcefulness acquired by the pioneer pilots of the air-mail in their barnstorming days, the service runs like clockwork. Here we see the mail being transferred to a post-office truck.

Before I had entirely completed my flying course, the instruction plane was sold to E. G. Bahl, who was planning a barnstorming trip through southeastern Nebraska. I became acquainted with Bahl at Lincoln and offered to pay my own expenses if allowed to accompany him as mechanic and helper. As a result we barnstormed most of the Nebraska towns southeast of Lincoln together, and it is to him that I owe my first practical experience in cross-country flying.

"Barnstorming" is the aviator's term for flying about from one town to another and taking any one who is sufficiently "air-minded" for a short flight over the country. In 1922 the fare usually charged was five dollars for a ride of from five to ten minutes.

It is here that we learn of Lindbergh's début as a wing-walker, and it is amazing to realize that this was only five years ago, before he had ever flown a plane alone. Reading on:

In June I returned to Lincoln and received a little more instruction, making a total of about eight hours.

About this time Charlie Harden, well known in the aeronautical world for his parachute work, arrived in Lincoln. I had been fascinated by the parachute jumps I had seen, and persuaded Ray Page to let me make a double drop with Harden's chutes.

A double drop is made by fastening two parachutes together with rope. Both are then packed in a heavy canvas bag; the mouth of the bag is laced together and the lace ends tied in a bow-knot. The bag is lasht half-way out on the wing of the plane, with the laced end hanging down. When the plane has reached sufficient altitude the jumper climbs out of the cockpit and along the wing to the chute, fastens the parachute straps to his harness, and swings down under the wing. In this position he is held to the plane by the bow-knot holding together the mouth of the bag containing his parachute, the bag itself being tied securely to the wing. When ready to cut loose he pulls the bow-knot, allowing the bag to open and the parachute to be pulled out by his weight.

In a double jump, after the first parachute has fully opened, the jumper cuts the rope binding the second chute to the first. The first chute upon being relieved of his weight, collapses, and passes him on the way down.

I made my first jump one evening in June from an 1,800-foot altitude over the flying-field.

My first chute opened quickly, and after floating down for a few seconds I cut it loose from the second, expecting a similar performance. But I did not feel the comfortable tug of the risers which usually follows an exhibition jump. As I had never made a descent before, it did not occur to me that everything was not as it should be, until several seconds had passed and I began to turn over and fall headfirst. I looked around at the chute just in time to see it string out; then the harness jerked me into an upright position and the chute was open. Afterward I learned that the vent of the second chute had been tied to the first with grocery string which had broken in packing the parachute, and that instead of stringing out when I cut loose, it had followed me still folded, causing a drop of several hundred feet before opening.

I remained in Lincoln for two weeks working in the Lincoln Standard factory for fifteen dollars a week. Then I received a wire from H. J. Lynch, who had purchased a Standard a few weeks before and taken it on a barnstorming trip into western Kansas. He was in need of a parachute jumper to fill a number of exhibition contracts in Kansas and Colorado, and wanted me to go with him in that capacity at a small fraction of its cost. Page offered me a new Harden chute instead of my remaining flying instruction, and I took a train for Bird City, Kansas.

Lynch and Lindbergh barnstormed over western Kansas and eastern Colorado, giving a number of exhibitions, in which "Lindy" usually made a jump and did a little wing-walking. After which, he tells us:

In the fall, together with "Banty" Rogers, a wheat rancher who owned the plane, we set out for Montana. Our course took us through a corner of Nebraska and then up through Wyoming along the Big Horn Mountains and over Custer's Battle Field. At one time in Wyoming we were forced to land, due to motor trouble, near a herd of buffalo, and while Lynch was working on the motor I started over toward the animals to get a picture. I had not considered that they might object to being photographed, and was within a hundred yards of them when an old bull looked up and stamped his foot. In a moment they were all in line facing me with lowered heads. I snapt a picture but lost no time in returning to the plane. Meanwhile Lynch had located our trouble and we took off.

After we had been in Billings, Montana, about a week, Lynch traded ships with a pilot named Reese, who was flying a Standard belonging to Lloyd Lamb of Billings. Lynch and I stayed in Montana while Reese returned to Kansas with Rogers.

We barnstormed Montana and northern Wyoming until mid-October, including exhibitions at the Billings and Lewistown fairs.

At the Lewistown fair we obtained a field adjoining the fair-grounds and did a rushing business for three days. We had arranged for the fence to be opened to the grounds and for a gateman to give return tickets to any one who wished to ride in the plane. All this in return for a free parachute drop.

At Billings, however, our field was some distance from the fair, and we decided to devise some scheme to bring the crowd out to us. We stuffed a dummy with straw and enough mud to give it sufficient falling speed to look like a human being.

When the grand stands were packed that afternoon we took

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The smooth and mighty power of the steam engine - and obtained without the use of special fuels - - -

There is a new power in motordom—*totally different in development and expression—totally new in range and efficiency*—the smooth and mighty power of the steam engine delivered with the silky ease, dash and vivacity that stand out from all performance with brilliant luster.

The basis of this great Hudson capacity is a new companion invention to the Super-Six principle which turns waste heat to power. Together they combine the highest efficiency in power generation and transmission ever achieved within our knowledge. It makes Hudson the most economical car per pound weight in the world.

In the new Hudson motor, spark knock heretofore characteristic of the high-compression motor is eliminated.

Ordinary gasoline gives the performance results sought through special and higher-priced fuels.

The New Hudson is receiving the greatest public reception in Hudson history, because in all ways it is the greatest Hudson Super-Six ever built.

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(118-inch wheelbase)		*(127-inch wheelbase)*	
Coach	$1175	Coach	$1285
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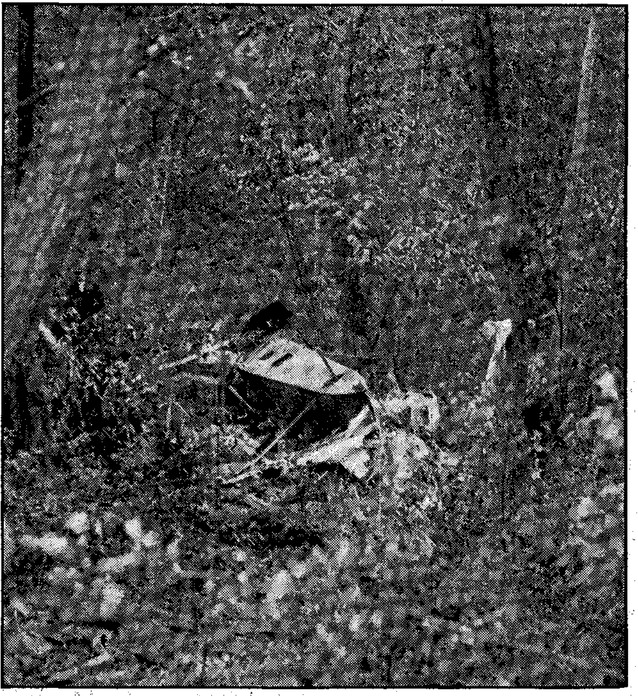
HUDSON *Super-Six*

With the new high-compression, anti-knock motor that turns waste heat to power

off from our field with the dummy in the front cockpit with me. I went out on the wing and we did a few stunts over the fair-grounds to get every one's attention, then Lynch turned the plane so that no one could see me on the wing and we threw out the dummy. It fell waving its arms and legs around wildly and landed near the Yellowstone River.

We returned to our field and waited expectantly for the curious ones to come rushing out for information, but two hours later, when a few Montanans did arrive, they told us about one of the other attractions—a fellow who dived from an airplane into the Yellowstone River which was about three feet deep at that point. That was the last time we attempted to thrill a Montana crowd.



Wide World photograph

AN AIR-MAIL TRAGEDY

Pilot Charles Ames was found dead in this wreck of his plane, after a ten-day search through the Pennsylvania mountains. (This and our other air-mail pictures appear in *The World's Work* as illustrations of an article we quote in connection with Colonel Lindbergh's book.)

The sheer joy of being a bird-man does not develop fully, we gather, until he owns his first plane. As the Colonel tells us:

Since I had first started flying at Lincoln, the year before, I had held an ambition to own an airplane of my own. So when I took my last flight with Lynch in Montana, and started down the Yellowstone, I had decided that the next spring I would be flying my own ship.

Consequently when April arrived, I left Miami and went to Americus, Georgia, where the Government had auctioned off a large number of "Jennies," as we called certain wartime training planes. I bought one of these ships with a new Curtiss OX-5 motor and full equipment for five hundred dollars. They had cost the Government nearly twice as many thousands, but at the close of the war the surplus planes were sold for what they would bring and the training fields were abandoned. Americus, Georgia, was a typical example of this. The planes had been auctioned for as little as fifty dollars apiece the year before. A few days after I arrived, the last officer left the post and it took its place among the fantom airports of the war.

I lived alone on the post during the two weeks my plane was being assembled, sometimes sleeping in one of the twelve remaining hangars and sometimes in one of the barracks buildings. One afternoon a visiting plane arrived and Reese stept out of the cockpit. I had not heard from him since we had traded planes in Montana, and he stayed with me on the post that night while we exchanged experiences of the previous year.

One of the interesting facts bearing on the life of aviators is that they rarely lose track of one another permanently. Distance means little to the pilot, and there is always some one dropping in from somewhere who knows all the various flyers in his section of the country, and who is willing to sit down and do a little "ground flying" with the local pilots. In this way intimate contact is continually established throughout the clan. ("Ground flying" is the term used to designate the exchange of flying experiences among airmen.)

I had not soloed up to the time I bought my Jenny at Americus, altho at that time the fact was strictly confidential.

After my training at Lincoln I had not been able to furnish the required bond and, altho I had done a little flying on cross-country trips with Bahl and Lynch, I had never been up in a plane alone. Therefore when my Jenny was completely assembled and ready to fly, I was undecided as to the best method of procedure. No one on the field knew that I had never soloed. I had not been in a plane for six months; but I did not have sufficient money to pay for more instruction, so one day I taxied to one end of the field, opened the throttle and started to take off. When the plane was about four feet off the ground, the right wing began to drop, so I decided that it was time to make a landing. I accomplished this on one wheel and one wing skid, but without doing any damage to the ship. I noticed that the wind was blowing hard, and suddenly decided that I would wait for calmer weather before making any more flights, and taxied back to the hangar.

A pilot who was waiting for delivery on one of the Jennies offered to give me a little dual instruction, and I flew around with him for thirty minutes and made several landings. At the end of this time he taxied up to the line and told me that I would have no trouble, and was only a little rusty from not flying recently. He advised me to wait until evening when the air was smooth, and then to make a few solo flights.

When evening came I taxied out from the line, took one last look at the instruments, and took off on my first solo.

The first solo flight is one of the events in a pilot's life which forever remains imprest on his memory. It is the culmination of difficult hours of instruction, hard weeks of training, and often years of anticipation. To be absolutely alone for the first time in the cockpit of a plane, hundreds of feet above the ground, is an experience never to be forgotten.

After a week of practise flights around Southern Field, I rolled my equipment and a few spare parts up in a blanket, lasht them in the front cockpit and took off for Minnesota.

This was my first cross-country flight alone, less than a week after my solo hop. Altogether I had less than five hours of solo time to my credit.

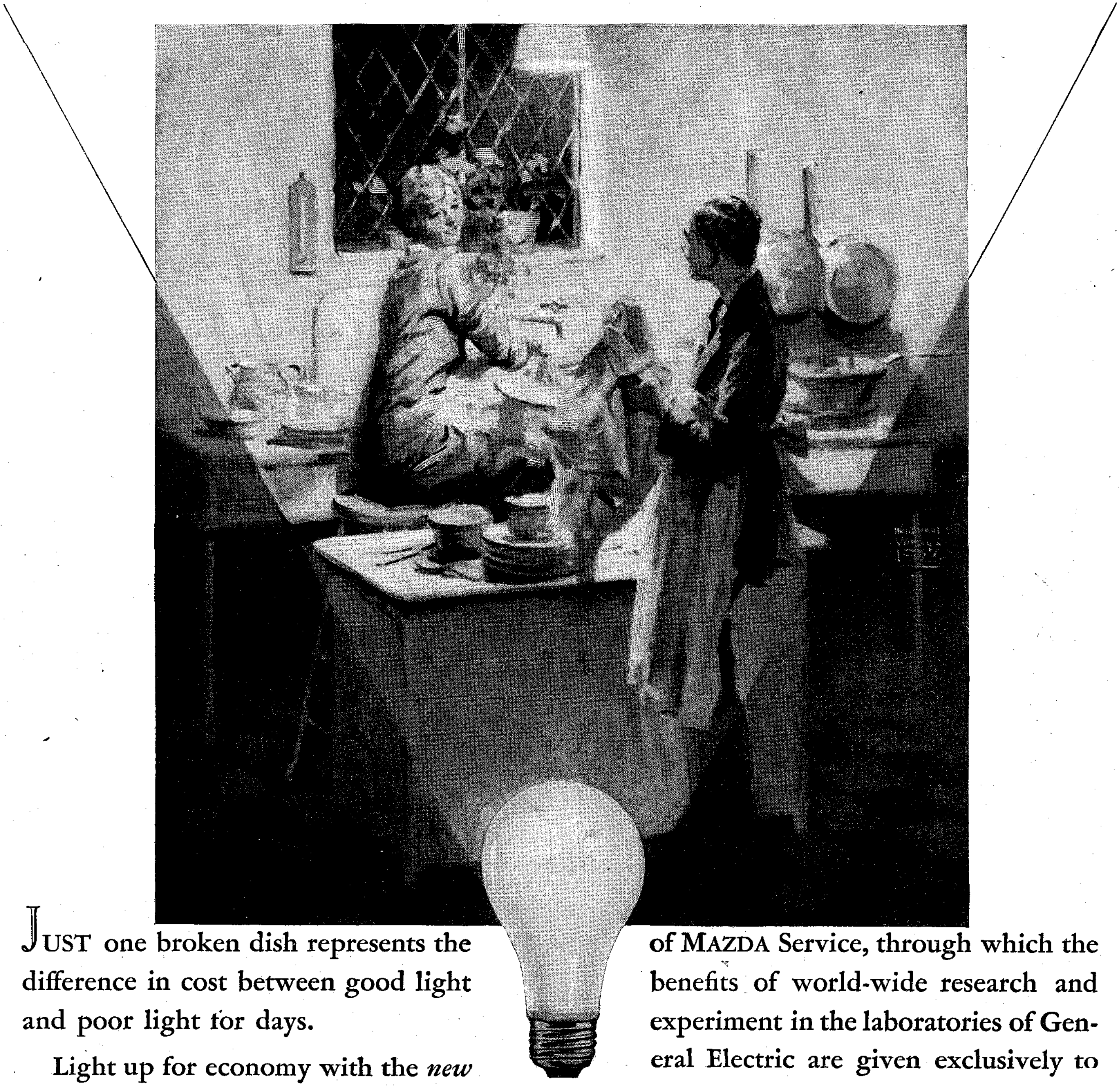
Passing over many diverting adventures at barnstorming, we come to the critical time when the "Flyin' Fool" sold his trusty Jenny to a pal and became a flying cadet under the War Department at San Antonio, Texas, where he eventually received his pilot's wings. Here we quote his official report of the misadventure culminating in his first emergency parachute jump:

"A nine-ship SE-5 formation, commanded by Lieutenant Blackburn, was attacking a DH4B, flown by Lieutenant Maughan at about a 5,000-foot altitude and several hundred feet above the clouds. I was flying on the left of the top unit, Lieutenant McAllister on my right, and Cadet Love leading. When we nosed down on the DH, I attacked from the left and Lieutenant McAllister from the right. After Cadet Love pulled up, I continued to dive on the DH for a short time before pulling up to the left. I saw no other ship near by. I passed above the DH and a moment later felt a slight jolt followed by a crash. My head was thrown forward against the cowling and my plane seemed to turn around and hang nearly motionless for an instant. I closed the throttle and saw an SE-5 with Lieutenant McAllister in the cockpit, a few feet on my left. He was apparently unhurt and getting ready to jump.

"Our ships were locked together with the fuselages approximately parallel. My right wing was damaged and had folded back slightly, covering the forward right-hand corner of the cockpit. Then the ships started to mill around and the wires began whistling. The right wing commenced vibrating and striking my head at the bottom of each oscillation. I removed the rubber band safetying the belt, unbuckled it, climbed out past the trailing edge of the damaged wing, and with my feet on the cowling on the right side of the cockpit, which was then in a nearly vertical position, I jumped backward as far from the ship as possible. I had no difficulty in locating the pull-ring and experienced no sensation of falling. The wreckage was falling nearly straight down, and for some time I fell in line with its path and only slightly to one side. Fearing the wreckage might fall on me, I did not pull the rip-cord until I dropt several hundred feet and into the clouds. During this time I had turned one-half revolution and was falling flat and face downward. The parachute functioned perfectly; almost as soon as I pulled the rip-cord the riser jerked on my shoulders, the leg-straps tightened, my head went down, and the chute fully opened.

"I saw Lieutenant McAllister floating above me and the wrecked ships pass about 100 yards to one side, continuing to

Light up....for economy



JUST one broken dish represents the difference in cost between good light and poor light for days.

Light up for economy with the *new* Edison MAZDA* Lamps. The new lamps are more efficient, yet cost less than any type ever made before. They are frosted on the *inside;* realizing the long cherished dream of a lamp giving soft, diffused light with practically no loss. They represent the latest achievement of MAZDA Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to those lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

Keep a supply. Your nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent will gladly help you select the right sizes for every fixture. He displays the emblem shown at the left.

*MAZDA—*the mark of a research service*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

spin to the right and leaving a trail of lighter fragments along their path. I watched them until, still locked together, they crashed in the mesquite about 2,000 feet below, and burst into flames several seconds after impact.

"Next I turned my attention to locating a landing-place. I was over mesquite and drifting in the general direction of a plowed field, which I reached by slipping the chute. Shortly before striking the ground, I was drifting backward, but was able to swing around in the harness just as I landed on the side of a ditch less than 100 feet from the edge of the mesquite. Altho the impact of landing was too great for me to remain standing, I was not injured in any way. The parachute was still held open by the wind, and did not collapse until I pulled in one group of shroud-lines.

"During my descent I lost my goggles, a vest-pocket camera which fitted tightly in my hip pocket, and the rip-cord of the parachute."

Photograph by courtesy of *The World's Work*

A PRESENT FROM THE POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT

This pilot, Jim Murray, after a forced landing in the Rockies and an all-night tramp through deep snow, wired headquarters for snowshoes—and got 'em.

Colonel Lindbergh has warm words of praise for the air-mail service, and invokes for it a larger measure of public patronage. One of his own emergency parachute jumps while flying with the night air-mail was described in a former issue of The Digest. Another is recounted by Mr. Howard Mingos in the *World's Work* article quoted on the first page of this story. As we read:

One afternoon last November he reported at Lambert Field, about seven miles out of St. Louis, as usual, to take the 4:15 plane over the 278 miles of mid-west flatlands, by way of Springfield and Peoria into Chicago. His machine had been pulled out of the hangar, an old army DH, remodeled, and possessing some fifty alterations brought about by the varied experiences of the mail pilots during the eight years that they had been flying this cast-off war equipment. He was due in Chicago at 7:30 that evening, touching Maywood Field, where the New York and Cleveland pouches would be placed aboard the eastbound night plane, thus carrying the St. Louis letters and light parcels into New York in time for delivery early the following morning.

He had very little to do with his machine. At the end of the last flight he had turned in his log-book and machine report card on which he had noted whatever repairs were to be made. Inspection crews had gone over the plane and engine while he slept. Oil had been drained and the crank case and tank refilled with new. Gasoline and water supplies were replenished. A rigger had examined every fitting, testing wires, braces, and landing gear, the controls and fabric covering. Another inspector had checked up all repairs.

As Lindbergh slipt into his flying clothes he was handed a sheaf of weather bulletins received by telephone from the weather bureau in St. Louis, last minute reports from every section of his route. He might know what to expect.

"Weather's rather thick over parts of Illinois," commented the manager of Contract Air Mail No. 2, his company.

"Guess I can fly under it all right," said Lindbergh.

He drew his lanky frame up and over the side of the machine, displacing the mechanic who had been sitting there idling the engine, keeping it warm. Feeling about him to make sure that his parachute was firmly strapped about his body, the bulk of it making a nice, soft cushion for him to sit upon, he pushed up the throttle, jazzed the engine, shook the control stick, looked right and left, back and in front, to make sure that all parts of the machine responded properly; then looked up at the sky, where only a few clouds were drifting lazily overhead. The mail truck, which had brought out the several pouches to be stored away in the front compartment, turned back to the hangars, and Lindbergh taxied across the field, swung round into the wind and "gave her the gun." It was just another routine flight. He headed on a bee-line for Chicago.

He reached Springfield in an hour, without incident, tho the clouds were hanging low and thick. Still, he could get up 500 feet over the surface; and this ceiling, he felt, would hold out long enough for him to reach Chicago. So he took aboard the pouches at that point and was off again in five minutes. About twenty-five miles out he found himself in darkness. A light snow commenced falling and the air became intensely cold.

In the mist Lindbergh could not pick up the surface lights. The clouds dropt lower, melted into the mist. He was now in total darkness, save for the tiny lights on the instrument board in front of him, past which dense, smoke-like ribbons of fog and mist were swirling, kicked back and swept into the cockpit by the blast from the propeller. It churned the heavy air with a monotonous droning, but it was sweet music to his ears: it meant that he could keep on going right through the welter, as long as his fuel lasted.

Here was the danger: there was no way for him to be sure of his course. The magnetic compass was not reliable, especially in a side wind. Now, while the wind was not strong, it struck his ship sidewise, and he knew that it was drifting him off his course. He tried to check it, ease back, and compensate for the driftage. But he could not tell exactly.

Much time was lost. It was like staggering through the dark. The minutes passed, grew into hours. He realized that his fuel would soon become exhausted. He pulled a lever and released a parachute flare; but instead of descending slowly it dropt like a stone. He could not see where to land. Then he nosed up through the clouds to 14,000 feet—nearly three miles high—but the clouds were higher than that. He could not get over them. At 7:51 by his watch the main fuel tank went dry. He knew then that he had less than twenty minutes more in the air, for his reserve tank would last only that long.

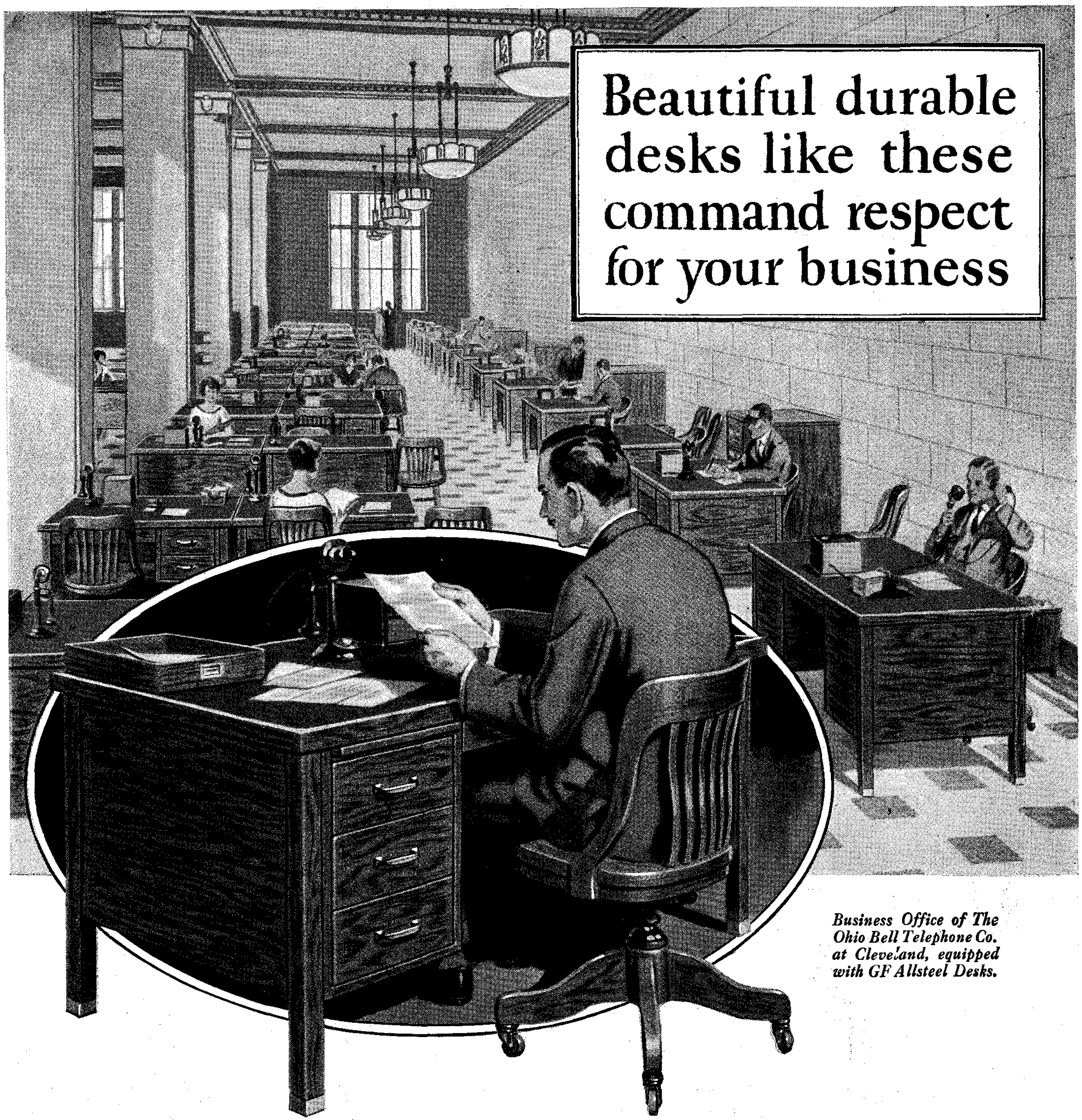
He was now 13,000 feet up and traveling at seventy miles an hour, blindly. Here he prepared to jump. He cut his switches and put one leg over the right side of the cockpit, then he noticed that the right wing was tipping downward. This meant that his ship would probably spiral down into his chute if he left it in that position, so he climbed back in again, righted the ship, got her on an even keel, and hastily leapt out over the left side. He tumbled head first for several seconds.

Sure then that he had cleared the tail of the plane, he pulled the ring of his parachute. A strong spring, thus released, sent a very small chute flying out and open. This in turn dragged out the big chute its full length—then it too snapt open and Lindbergh was swinging dizzily in the clouds.

He dropt swiftly, down through nearly 13,000 feet of clouds and, as he felt the fog, prepared to land as blindly as he had jumped. By manipulating the shroud-lines, he could prevent swaying, and this would save him from being dashed against a building or pole.

Even under the best conditions, such a jump is not pleasant. From his pocket he pulled a flash-light, with which he tried to see the earth, but in vain. Almost before he knew it he landed across a barbed wire fence, but his thick flying suit prevented injury. Gathering up his chute and wrapping it into a tight bundle, he carried it out to the road, and into the town of Covell, Illinois. Next morning he found the wreck of his plane not far from where he himself had landed.

But, after all, this was only one of the innumerable adventures of the mail service. People commenced talking about it only after he had made his historic flight to Paris. Somebody had nicknamed him "Lucky Slim." Perhaps they were thinking of another pilot, a probationer in the Federal service flying the night route from Omaha to Chicago. He had encountered snow and lost his way. Deciding to come down, he released a flare which lighted up a corn-field in Iowa. Then he jumped. But he pulled the rip-cord of his chute too quickly. It snapt open before he cleared the plane and caught in the tail surfaces. There it was torn to shreds, and the pilot dropt like a stone. When he failed to arrive at the control stop in Iowa City, others went out to search for him, as they always do. They flew about on all sides of the route until daybreak, when they found his wrecked machine; the torn chute and body some distance away told the story of the accident.



Beautiful durable desks like these command respect for your business

Business Office of The Ohio Bell Telephone Co. at Cleveland, equipped with GF Allsteel Desks.

—and surprisingly low in cost

SURROUNDINGS play an important part in the impression created by any business. The buildings, personnel, equipment, all convey certain ideas that help the public form its opinion of that business.

In the office, nothing so effectively creates a favorable atmosphere as GF Allsteel Desks.

Steel has beauty of line and finish that brings refinement and good taste.

Steel has permanence and indestructibility that reflect these qualities on the business as a whole.

Steel outlasts wood many years, yet costs no more than wood of acceptable quality.

Rich, oven-baked enamel finishes—easy to clean and retaining their newness indefinitely; restful, washable Velvoleum tops that do not mar or become rough; drawers always smooth and quiet; fire and humidity are effectively resisted. And steel makes every one of these desirable advantages a permanent feature.

A GF Allsteel equipped office inspires pride in your own organization and respect in the minds of your customers or clients.

THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING COMPANY
Youngstown, Ohio
Branches and dealers in all principal cities • Canadian plant: Toronto

Allsteel Office Equipment also includes

Safes
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Tables
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Transfer Cases
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GF Allsteel

THE COMPLETE LINE OF OFFICE EQUIPMENT

ATTACH THIS COUPON TO YOUR FIRM LETTERHEAD
THE GENERAL FIREPROOFING CO.
Youngstown, Ohio
Please send me a copy of the GF Allsteel Desk catalog.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... L. D.

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Contest Closes August 25th

Find six keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola and send in your entry.

The "six keys" are the six outstanding reasons, given us by the public, why millions like and drink Coca-Cola. We disclosed the first "key"—*taste*. The others are just as easily discovered. They have been illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and now—in many newspapers, in The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, Life and in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find the sixth "key" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Five have already appeared—and you can check back and find them if you have not already entered the contest.

Just three things to do:

❶ *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*

❷ *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*

❸ *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	**$10,000**
2nd prize	**5,000**
3rd prize	**2,500**
4th prize	**1,000**
5th prize	**500**
10 sixth prizes (each)	**100**
20 seventh prizes (each)	**50**
200 eighth prizes (each)	**25**
400 ninth prizes (each)	**10**
A total of 635 prizes	**$30,000**

Follow these simple rules

Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final

TEACHING OUR UNTAUGHT MILLIONS IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS OF KENTUCKY

ABSALOM'S is the first cabin on Caney Creek, which makes him the Cerberus of the valley. A benevolent Cerberus, according to the notion of Walter Davenport, who remarks that five years ago Absalom wouldn't have spoken to visitors at all, but "would have watched us through any one of the many open chinks in his cabin, and later would have ridden up creek to match unflattering opinions of 'furriners' with Old High Tongue, the blacksmith, and Floyd Mabry, the read-out preacher." But, continues Mr. Davenport in a *Collier's* article:

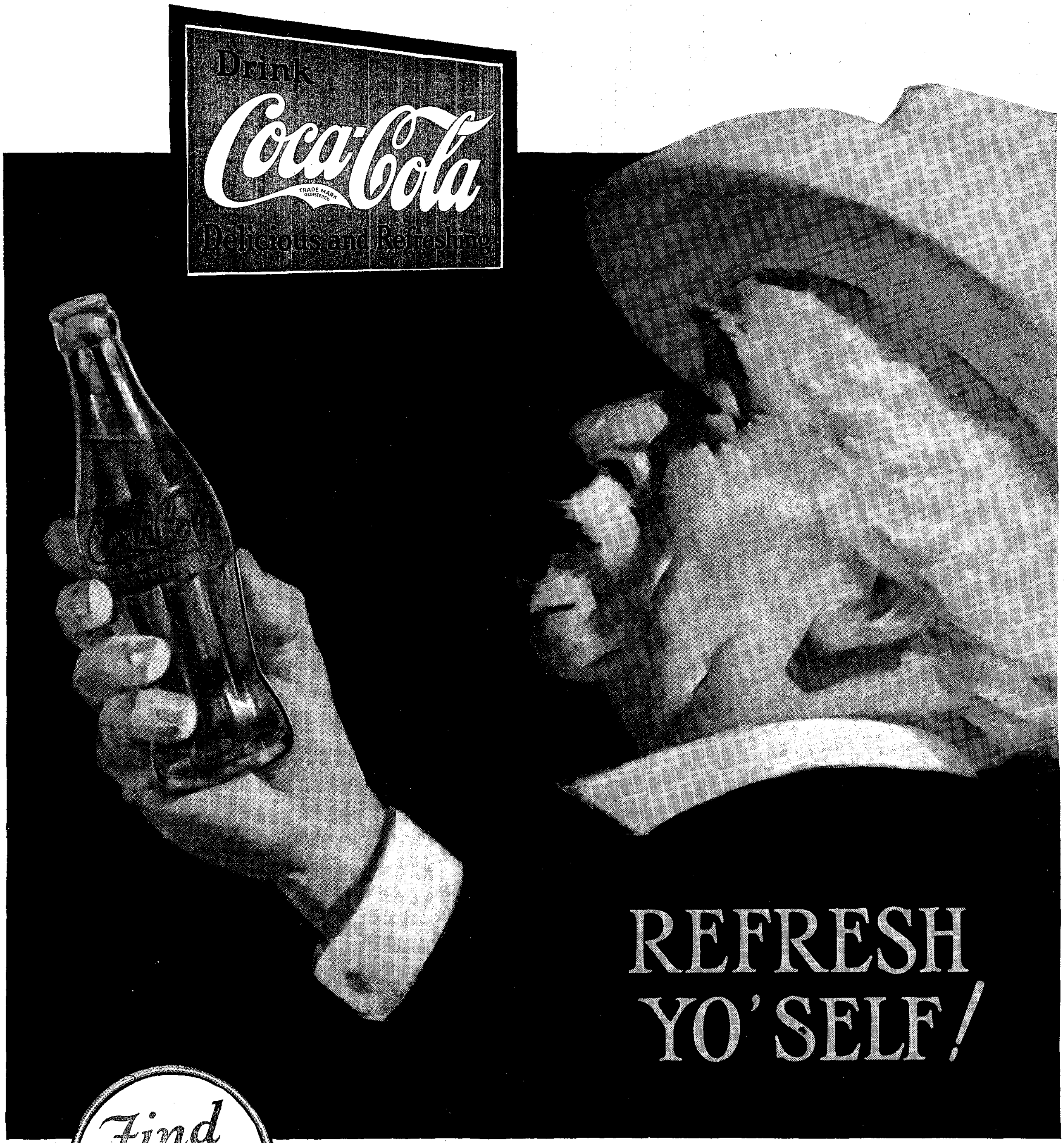
> The old order is changing in southeastern Kentucky—in all the Cumberland Mountains, in fact—and Absalom has become one of the talkingest men on Caney Creek. Nobody gets by without standing and delivering his name, his destination and purpose, where he came from, and similar bits of information.
>
> You see, three of Absalom's children are at the school ten miles up-creek. The things those children have learned have just about overwhelmed him, and for a time it was a serious question whether he, the head of the family, or the young ones should dominate his end of the valley.
>
> So Absalom was forced out of obscurity. Education, he had decided, is a tolerable likely thing "iffen it hain't overdone," altho it wasn't for him to fool with. He has got along for sixty years without it and aims to lay this body down without it. For that reason and because "hit hain't fitten that young ones should speak up to their elders" he has not permitted his daughter Phronnie to teach him reading and writing, for which he hasn't any use. New ideas stop at his front door, and thus, being a strong man, he is still master of his house. Still, he will brag of Phronnie and her sisters.
>
> The creek bed was not wide enough for two mules to pass each other, so Absalom pulled his up on the bank and, holding up his hand, signaling his desire to halt and talk, he shouted "Haowdy?" loud enough to be heard a quarter of a mile.
>
> "Whut country yew from?" he demanded. There was nothing offensive in his challenge. "Whut country?" is a holdover from colonial days.
>
> "New York."
>
> "Haow fur might that be?"
>
> "A thousand miles or less."
>
> "Got kin in the mountains?"
>
> "No."
>
> "Jest travelin'," he commented.
>
> "Just wanted to see what this country looked like," I explained.
>
> Absalom looked suddenly suspicious.
>
> "Well," he said, "I wouldn't travel no thousand mile to see nobody or no country, I wouldn't. I was born on this here creek, and I'm sixty and, excuse me, stranger, but iffen yew kin see anything in these here mountains worth travelin' a thousand miles fer yew kin see fu'ther than me, and I don't need no glasses. G'lang."
>
> He kicked his mule in the ribs and was off. A dozen yards down-creek he whirled in his saddle and roared:
>
> "Whut might yewer name be?"
>
> Apparently satisfied with the reply, he kicked his mule on again, and to let it be understood it was nothing to him, anyway, he began nonchalantly to sing:
>
> "I been a long time a-travelin' here below,
> A long time a-travelin' away from my home,
> A long time travelin' here below
> Tew lay this body daown."
>
> We had entered a new country. They call it the Country of Do Without, and it is hereby strongly recommended to all who think their lot is a hard one.

The region is described as in Knott County, in the southeastern part of Kentucky. Mr. Davenport calls it "a landbound island of 4,000,000 souls who, altho living within 400 miles of Washington, have only the vaguest idea of what Washington is." And he adds:

> Of course I speak of the Cumberland mountaineers as a whole, and the number is merely estimated. The rising generation is beginning to see light. The older generation dies but never surrenders.
>
> And before we go on with this article it is necessary that you know who these people are. Fly-by-night journalists and social workers have called them poor whites, or have permitted that impression to be cultivated. The simple truth is that there is as much difference between these mountaineers and the poor whites of our lowlands as there is between the Scottish Highland clans from which these people have sprung and the pigmy tribes of Africa.
>
> Illiteracy still exceeds 90 per cent. in the mountains of Kentucky, Virginia, West Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina, which States contribute to the 4,000,000 of which I write. Poverty of a sort unbelievable in the cities is so commonplace as not to be impressive; the amount of money passing through the hands of the old mountaineer in any year is often less than eight dollars.
>
> Living conditions are so primitive, educational facilities so rare, and ignorance, as judged by urban standards, so complete, that visitors depart wondering why somebody hasn't done something about it—the Government of the United States or of the five States.
>
> And after you have seen the pathetic eagerness of the children of the mountains for education, you begin to suspect that their neglect has been intentional. For more than 150 years the ancestors of these Kentucky mountaineers settled where, to-day, their children are trying without more than a gesture of guidance to grope their way to enlightenment. In the Cumberlands, there are 2,000,000 children of school age. About 25,000 of them are being educated by men and women who have established community schools with money doled out by "furriners" who have responded to the begging letters of volunteer educators. The rest are at the mercy of a wholly inadequate public-school system.
>
> The vast majority of the mountaineers are of Scottish and Scotch-Irish derivation. There is some English and German blood and a trace of French Huguenot. All of it is Pre-Revolutionary American, and I have not seen in New England or the South, the West or the Middle West, a greater pride of race, a finer, calmer dignity nor a fiercer independence than I found in this Land of Do Without. . . .

And now we are given a glimpse of some mountaineer personalities. As we read on:

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!


Drink
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
Delicious and Refreshing
REFRESH
YO'SELF!
Find the Key

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Cold and tingling with a delightful after-sense of refreshment. Drink Coca-Cola! You'll find it *refreshing*. More people agree on that than on electing a president.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

We were on our way up-creek to Pippapass, where one of the furriners' schools is located. There are no roads; our mules were picking their way along the creek bed. An hour after we were passed by Absalom we pulled up at Old High Tongue's forge. He was solemn but glad to see us.

"Where air yew from?" he asked.

"New York."

He looked mystified.

"Travel fur?" he asked.

He had never heard of New York. He had never seen a newspaper, which, inasmuch as he could neither read nor write, hadn't handicapped him much. He had never heard of John D. Rockefeller, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Henry Ford, Charlie Chaplin, General Pershing nor Calvin Coolidge. When I told him that Mr. Coolidge was President of the United States, he seemed mildly interested and said:

"Sooooo? Haow's he a-makin' aout? I hain't kept up much," he explained. "I hev been right busy and hain't paid much attention to politics, but I guess Andrew Jackson made a right smart man of himself, didn't he? Old Hickory he was."

Old High Tongue had never seen a railroad nor a cook-stove, had never received a letter until recently when his brother Virgil's girl wrote him one from Pippapass "jest a-foolin'."

And he hadn't made any effort to have the letter read to him because, he assured us, "hit's more than like there hain't nothin' in hit I don't know already."

He was glad we had come along because it reminded him that he too ought to be riding up-creek to visit his mother, who was "ailin' with somethin' inside of her so as she wasn't fitten for nothin' but settin'-daown work."

With great courtesy he bade us "faarwell" and asked us, if it wouldn't be a mite too much trouble, to drop in at his brother's house—Big Trimble—three miles farther on.

Big Trimble wasn't home, but Little Trimble, his son (a head taller, and at least six inches broader than Gene Tunney), assured us that it was quite as well that he wasn't because "he warn't fitten tew be talked tew, anyways.

"He air plagued right smart with a holler tooth," rumbled Little Trimble, "and he air aout gittin' hit jumped."

Almost any of the old-timers will jump a tooth for a neighbor, says Mr. Davenport, inasmuch as it is an operation requiring coolness but not art. And he explains:

All one requires to jump a tooth is a cut nail—an eight-penny nail preferably—a hammer and a steady indifference to what happens to the other fellow. The patient opens his mouth. You place the square end of the nail against the base of the tooth, where tooth and gums meet, and you hit the nail a smart blow with the hammer. It is really very simple.

"Iffen hit don't come aout first lick," explained Little, "yew air apt tew git peaked and fretful. Iffen the tooth air wore daown bad and is holler, yew kin burn hit out with a hot wire, so hit won't ruin yew. I burnt aout a holler tooth fer a man over in Letcher onct, and when I tetched the holler he wrapt his tongue araound the wire and the things he said warn't fitten."

We had supper at Preacher Whipple's. He is a gentle giant, a mountain John o' Dreams, whose life has been one to make men reverent. Until he was sixteen years old he had never seen a book, but his great intelligence was not to be frustrated. He taught himself to read—how, he can't quite explain. He attended one of the old moonlight schools and mastered writing and simple arithmetic. He walked twenty-two miles twice a week to study American history under a furriner who had come to the mountains hoping to defeat tuberculosis. He has never been farther from home than that.

By day he worked his mountain farm the soil as thin as a worn-out blanket, and by night he taught reading and writing to whoever could or would come to him. He felt the call to preach, and without further ceremony went about the mountains talking simple decency to moonshiners and feudists.

In the meantime he had married. Fourteen children were born, and one by one he taught them what he knew. By some miraculous process and heroic self-denial, he amassed $800, all of it in one-dollar bills. He sold his land until he had only a dozen of his original hundred acres. He turned carpenter, and between plantings hired out with his hatchet and saw.

And then, with his $800, he built a schoolhouse. He built it on a mountain-top, working at nights. Frequently he fell asleep where he hammered and sawed.

There were other guests at Preacher Whipple's—Preacher Horn, a hawk-faced farmer from up Betty's Troublesome Way, and Preacher MacLaren, a patriarch from Desperation. They were of the Old Regular Baptist Church, the prevailing sect of the Kentucky mountains. Being a preacher in that church requires nothing but a feeling that one "has been called" and a sincerity hard to find in the educated pulpit. Many of the mountain preachers can not read or write.

There was to be wholesale, day-long preaching at Old Carr on the morrow, and Preachers Whipple, Horn, and MacLaren were primed for battle. A preacher in the Old Regular Baptist receives no pay.

Preacher Horn was keen for news from the outside world, particularly political news.

"Who air this man in New York they're aimin' tew elect President?" he inquired.

"Al Smith?"

"Smith, that's the name," he said.

"Whut air he doin' naow?"

I explained Al Smith.

"Well," sighed Preacher Horn, "I expect the mountains will elect him because he air wet, but I don't hold with it. Licker hain't done us no good, not that hit's been a curse. Ignorance air worse than licker."

None of the preachers had ever heard of James A. Reed, William G. McAdoo, Albert C. Ritchie, Charles G. Dawes, or Frank O. Lowden, relates Mr. Davenport, but all had heard of the late William J. Bryan, "altho Preacher MacLaren was skeptical when assured that Mr. Bryan had never been President." And we read on:

"We air still a mite backward," explained Preacher Horn. "The young folks air comin' along a little stronger. Some day the Government might build a road through the mountains."

Before putting up our mules for the night we visited Aunt Martha on Hungry Mountain. She lives in a windowless one-room cabin set slanchways (slanting). She was smoking a corn-cob pipe and chewing twist. Aunt Martha is seventy-five or eighty—she isn't quite sure which.

"Hit don't matter much," she said. "A body has got as much sense at one age as the other, and I hain't complainin'."

It amazed her that the journey from New York did not necessitate crossing the ocean. Aunt Martha hasn't any idea where she lives except that they call it Caney Creek. She lives on an island, she assured us. The United States was another island, and Kentucky lay somewhere over the mountains.

She had heard of the World War, altho the names Pershing, Wilson, Germany, France, and England meant nothing to her. And she "hadn't the rights of haow the war turned aout."

"Seems like men air always fightin', anyway," she sighed. "Always some kind of a war. There was the French-Eversole war over in Hindman, and the Martin-Toliver war up in Morehead, and the Hatfield-McCoy war, and this here war with Utah."

It took us some time to identify Utah as Europe, but Aunt Martha waved quibbling aside.

"Hit was one of them islands," she said, "and they all got a lot of furrin' names. I was a-ready fer them, anyway. Preacher Forest's Bell was ridin' by and told me there was another war. I was a-ready fer hit. I had my rifle daown and I went daown to the creek bottom and was a-waitin', but they never came along, so I sort of lost interest. It waar a mighty quiet war, seems to me."

I have been writing of the mothers, fathers, and grandparents of the 2,000,000 mountain youngsters who have been consigned by five States and the United States Government to pass through the same darkness as their elders. But the children, because of the efforts of mountain schools conducted by furriners—Alice Spence Geddes Lloyd, for example—have been infected with the serum which makes men struggle. A taste of education has made them hungry.

Mrs. Lloyd, a Radcliff graduate, went to the Kentucky mountains ten years ago seeking health. She remained to found the Caney Creek Community Center, one of the most important and ambitious of the mountain schools.

For lack of funds, her first efforts passed unnoticed. One day Humpty Joab came up-creek.

"Iffen yew aim to stay," said Humpty Joab, "take my farm fer a school. Hit hain't much as fur as land goes. But hit'll do."

The school still stands on Humpty Joab's worn-out acres. To the first log cabin came Lige of the Little Songs, fetching six of his children; Down Eli of Antelope Mountain with four more. All alone came Holy's Floyd, who was seven years old, and had walked thirty-two miles, barefooted, through the cold water of Caney. A week later a woman came down the valley on a mule.

"My young un hyer?" she demanded. She refused to identify him by name. She refused to come inside. The children were marched past her. Along came Holy's Floyd. She looked at him without emotion. He looked back at her without a sign.

"G'lang," she ordered her mule; "I thought mebby he had falled over the mountain."

The Great New CHRYSLER "62"

New Standards of Performance

New Quality

New Value

New Luxury

New Chrysler "Red-Head"

THE buying public, always eager to award recognition to outstanding achievement, has been most emphatic in its acclaim of the great new Chrysler "62".

For no other six of its price will begin to give you such performance, economy, riding and handling ease, safety, beauty, luxury—plus the extraordinary features heretofore found only in cars of far higher price.

Never before was such phenomenal value packed into a car of this price, the result of Chrysler Standardized Quality—extending its benefits to four great cars, specifying uniformity in high-grade materials, setting new close limits of precision, cutting down costs but always raising quality to higher levels.

See the results of these advantages in the great, new Chrysler "62" for yourself.

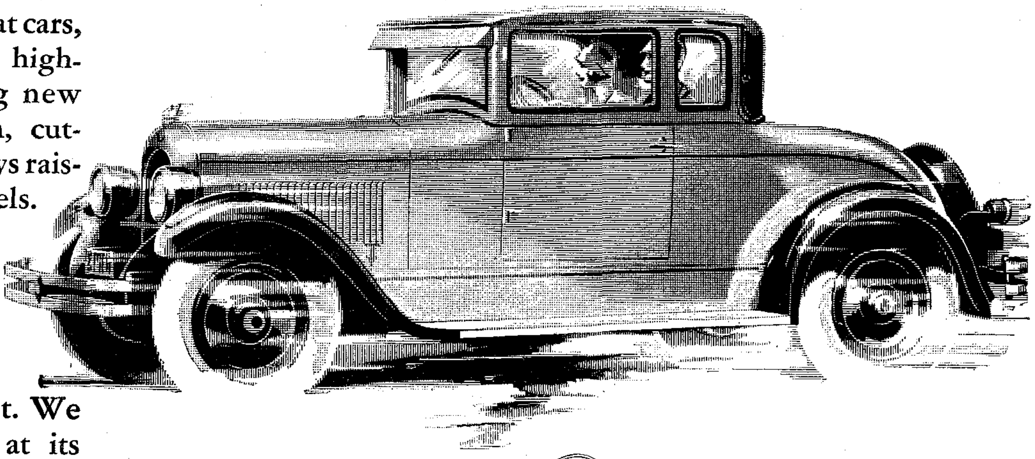
Drive it. Put it to any test. We know you will marvel at its speed, power, comfort, charm of appearance and appointment totally unapproached and unrivalled at its price.

Again Chrysler is in the lead in engineering achievement.

This time, with the Chrysler "Red-Head" high-compression engine—the first engine of regular production to offer to those who seek supreme performance, the fullest advantages in extra speed, acceleration and hill-climbing ability assured by the use of high-compression fuels.

The new "Red-Head" engine—always identified by the red color of the engine head—is standard equipment on the Roadsters of the new Chrysler "62" and is also available for all other body types of the new "62", as well as of the new "52", "70" and Imperial "80", at slight extra cost.

Owners of earlier Chryslers can now obtain these new high-compression engine characteristics at a low and reasonable charge.



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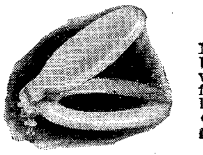

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SPYING OUT ANTARCTICA, THE "SEVENTH CONTINENT"

"THERE'S gold under them thar glaciers," may be a Hollywood slogan in future movies of south polar adventure. Already we know that there's coal there, and the other mineral possibilities of the "seventh continent," which approximates Europe in area, play a part in the speculative interest attached to the antarctic expedition on which Commander "Dick" Byrd is to embark later this year. What about oil? What about radium, platinum, diamonds? And then, where there is coal, there was once tropical vegetation. Where there was tropical vegetation, there was abundant life. What about fossils? What about further light on the history of this planet and of man? These and other interesting questions are raised in a Washington Sunday *Star* article by Thomas R. Henry, who writes:

> The exploration of Antarctica appeals to the imagination in somewhat the same fashion as would exploration of another planet. The world's seventh continent, buried under eternal ice, remains almost as mysterious as the dark side of the moon, despite the efforts of hardy voyagers for two centuries to learn the secrets of its black, frozen mountain passes. Four or five parties have wintered on its shores. Three expeditions have penetrated to the half-way point, or nearly so. The south pole has twice been located. But the great, fundamental problems of the south polar regions await the coming of Byrd and his followers for their solution.
>
> It is particularly fitting that this expedition should be led by an American aviator. The United States has a sort of hereditary interest in the Far South, for her sailors first sighted the mountain peaks and first landed on the desolate islands under the antarctic ice barrier. Her flag, it is likely, will float soon beside those of Great Britain and Norway in the center of the great interior plateau where is located the southernmost point on earth.
>
> Once across the great antarctic ice barrier and the aviator might as well be flying above the moon, so far as any probability of human help in case of misfortune is concerned. He will be cut off almost completely from the world of human beings—in the home of terrible blizzards and everlasting ice.
>
> The land mass of Antarctica is approximately 3,500,000 square miles. This vast area of desolation and death, forming a jagged circle around the south pole, can be divided roughly into three zones. First, the explorer must cross the ice barrier which stretches southward for about 300 miles. This is a level but rough plain of ice, broken up by bottomless chasms and swept by terrible blizzards. The floor of this ice barrier in some places is 1,000 feet above sea-level. It opposes to the stormy Antarctic Ocean an almost unbroken circle of high black cliff, lasht by angry water.
>
> Beyond the coastal plain rise the mountains. Icy peaks which probably never will be scaled by man push their heads into clouds at altitudes of 15,000 to 20,000 feet. Between the peaks there are dangerous passes crossing the range at 10,000 feet. Over the mountains comes the high plateau 9,500 feet above sea-level—a fairly smooth plain, in the center of which is the south pole.
>
> Death is king of Antarctica. The ice-jeweled mountains are his palaces and the ice plains his fertile fields. All living things are left behind a few miles from the coast. The single exceptions are occasional patches of moss and lichen and one or two degenerate types of insects. The shores abound with those queer, human-like birds, the penguins. Whales and one variety of seal are abundant in the near-by antarctic waters. But the domain of life ends with the ice barrier. The lost explorer can hold no hope of living off the country.
>
> In this respect the antarctic is strikingly different from the arctic. There are no fields of grass in Antarctica. No flowers cover the mountain passes in mid-January. Even the hardiest Eskimo could live on the continent only so long as his store of food and fuel lasted. There would be no hope of replenishing it. The reason for this unchallenged sway of death in the Far South is that the temperature seldom remains for long above the freezing-point of water. There is no time for seeds to germinate on the occasional patches of bare ground.
>
> The South is not as cold as the North in winter. Mid-January temperatures at the north pole may fall to 70 or 80 below zero. Antarctica seldom sees days of more than 50 below, and the usual mid-July temperature is much higher. During the summer, however, the mercury hovers close to the freezing-point instead of going to 40 or 50 above, as frequently happens in the Far North.
>
> Lifeless and uninhabitable, the only possible economic value of this land mass would lie in its mineral resources. The extent of these may never be discovered. Even if they were made known, it probably would be impossible ever to exploit them, because of the insuperable difficulty of arranging transportation. It long has been a favorite dream of romance writers to imagine great gold deposits and areas of radium-bearing rock locked up in the antarctic continent.

Here the *Star* writer tells us about the coal deposits, and adds:

> There also is more or less evidence to indicate that the land was habitable at the beginning of the age of mammals and formed a land bridge between Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and South America. There is a possibility that the antipodes, Antarctica, southern Africa and southern South America as far north as Brazil formed one great southern continent, over which mammal and bird species passed freely.
>
> Peninsulas of Antarctica jut in places north of the antarctic circle, but the nearest inhabited land is the island of South Georgia, a British sheep-ranching colony, east of the southernmost tip of South America. The continental mass is hidden from the world behind a curtain of dense fog and a protecting circle of icebergs. This, again, is in sharp contrast to the north polar regions, where inhabited land extends to within a few hundred miles of the pole itself, and the northernmost outpost of European civilization is hardly 800 miles away.
>
> The great difficulty in south polar exploration comes at the start of the journey. Once on the elevated plateau, and the rest is comparatively easy, if provisions have held out. With modern equipment, it is not difficult to get within jumping distance of the north pole. The great hardships are met with in the final 200 miles.

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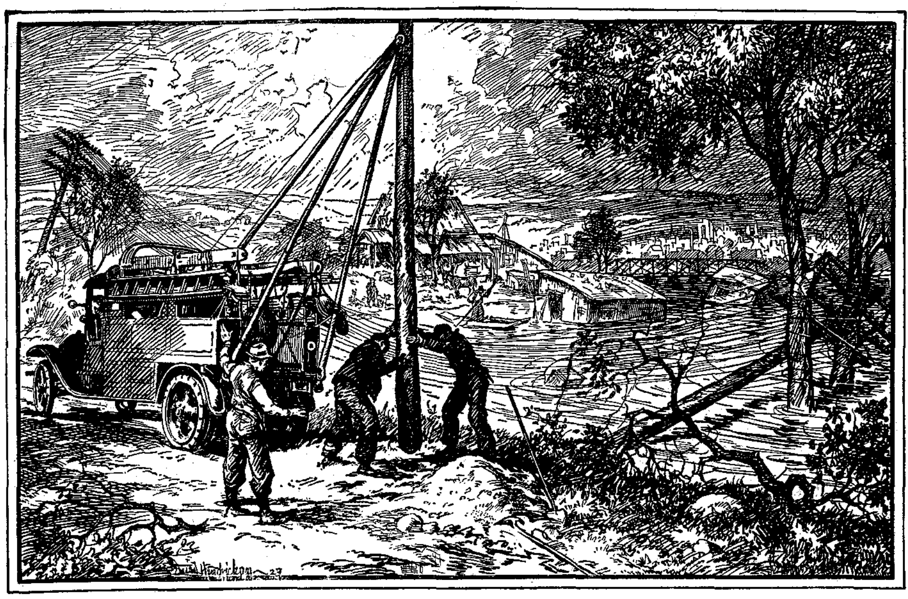

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Mr. Henry tells us how the ill-fated Capt. Robert Falcon Scott, of the British Navy, headed an expedition which spent a winter in the antarctic in preparation for a dash to the pole, and how Amundsen suddenly diverted his *Fram* expedition from the north to the south pole, cut in ahead of Scott, and, aided by good luck and good management, reached the pole five weeks earlier—in December, 1911. Of the tragic sequel of that exploit we read:

Meantime, Scott and his men had met a far different fate. The British expedition also had established winter quarters on the ice barriers and set out for the pole with the return of the equable weather of late spring. They used as transport ice-motors, Manchurian ponies, and Eskimo dogs, placing little reliance in the latter because of the commander's unfortunate experience with them in his previous antarctic expedition.

The motors broke down almost at the start. The ponies, as had been planned, were killed along the route, and their meat stored to furnish provisions for the return journey. Each time a pony was killed and a cache established some of the men turned back. Scott was following out the same program used by Peary in his conquest of the north pole. The last of the four ponies, however, fell through an ice chasm and was lost on the day before it had been planned to kill it. The little accident probably cost the lives of the five men who continued on to the pole. When they were 150 miles from their objective, the last supporting party, with the dogs, turned back and the others went on. They reached the pole on January 17, and the first sight that greeted them was one of Amundsen's black flags, telling them that all their labors had been in vain.

The Norwegians had found a comparatively easy route over the mountains, and probably were in better physical condition on the return journey than when they started. But the Englishmen had encountered rough going from the first. They were tired, and the bitter disappointment which they met deprest their spirits. Everything went well, however, until they were across the mountains. They had no difficulty in locating the food depots. Apparently, there was little doubt in the minds of Scott and his men that they would get back safely.

But when they struck the ice barrier, again luck turned against them. Some of the depots had not been filled with the requisite ten-day supply. They struck rough ice, over which they could make painful progress of only a few miles a day. One of the party, Evans, collapsed and died on the ice, causing a day's delay. Cold and wet still further deprest the spirits of the others. Among them was a cavalry lieutenant, Titus Oates, who had come with the expedition in charge of the Manchurian ponies. His feet were frozen, and he was unable to keep up with Scott and Wilson. Sometimes they pulled him on the sled. Oates, realizing that he had no chance, begged his companions to put him in his sleeping-bag and to leave him to die. This they refused to do.

Then Scott began to realize that his little party had no hope of getting back alive. He ordered Wilson, the physician, to distribute the opium and morphin in his medicine case. There was enough left to kill themselves if worse came to worst. But they did not use the drugs.

On Monday, March 16, they found a short supply of fuel oil in one of the depots. They started out bravely for the next stopping point, but when they were eleven miles away they were caught in a blizzard in which they could make no progress. They pitched their tent for the last time and waited for death.

The first night of the blizzard Oates suddenly rose from his blankets.

"I'm going outside," he said. "I may be gone for some time."

Scott and Wilson bowed their heads and said nothing. They knew that Oates did not intend to come back, and that he had decided to give the two stronger men whatever chance remained with the scanty supply of food.

On Thursday, March 29, Scott wrote in his diary:

> "Since the 21st we have had a continual gale from the southwest. We had fire to make two cups of tea apiece and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot, barely eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a whirling drift. I do not think we can hope for any better things now. We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, and it can not be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more.
>
> ROBERT SCOTT.
>
> "For God's sake, look out for our people."

More than a year later the frozen bodies of Scott and Wilson were found by a searching party, together with their diaries and last letters home.

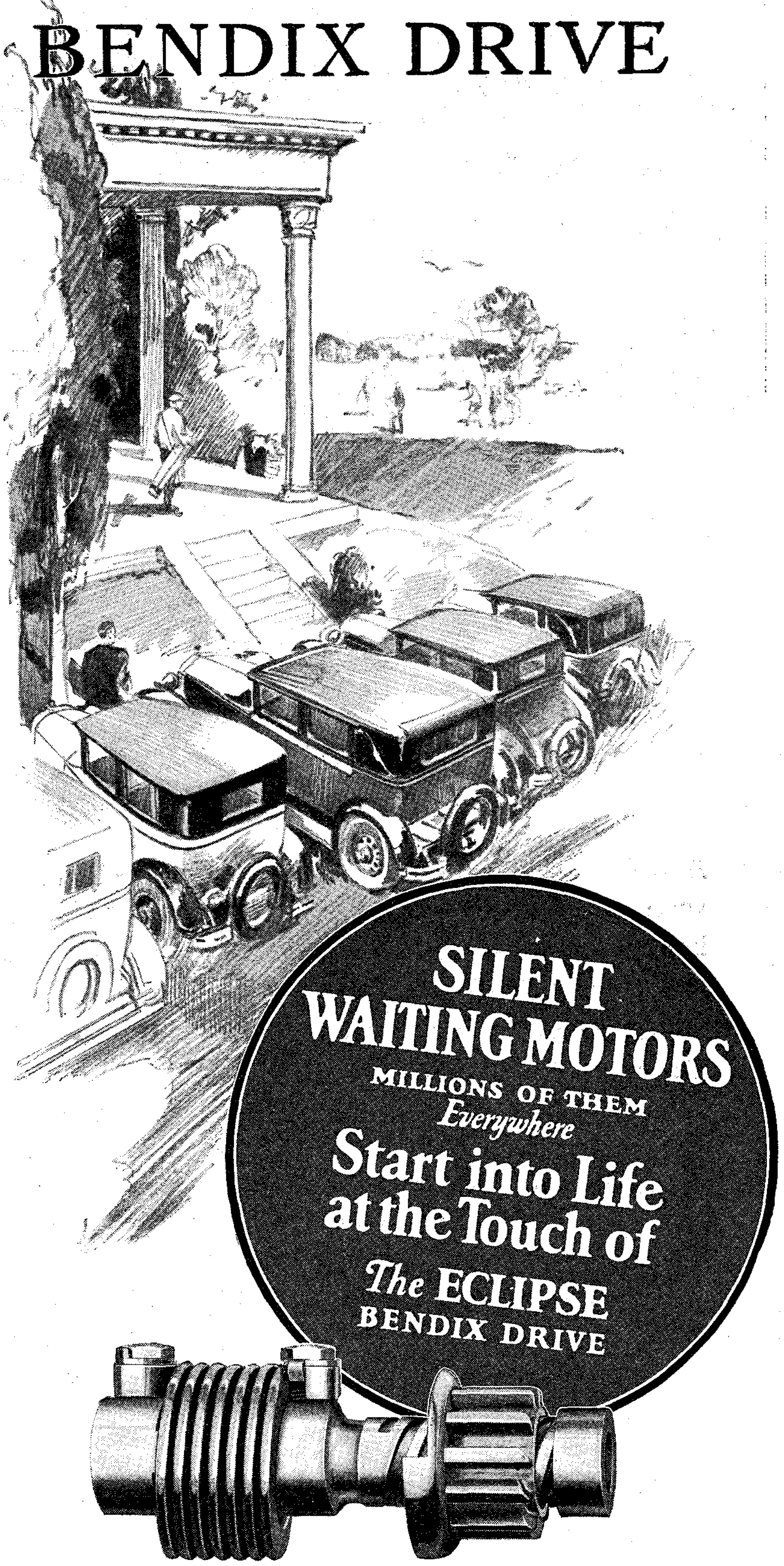
After sketching the achievements of Sir Ernest Shackleton, Mr. Henry goes back to an older generation and tells us:

The most generally recognized claim to the discovery of the antarctic continent, or at least of east Antarctica, is that of Charles Wilkes, commander of the United States exploring expedition which sailed from Newport News in the autumn of 1838. This expedition was the first ambitious effort of the young Republic to win a place for the Stars and Stripes in the annals of exploration, somewhat comparable to that achieved by Great Britain from the voyages of the celebrated Capt. James Cook. The expedition, financed by the Government, was accompanied by some of the most distinguished American scientists of the day. It sailed in five well-equipped ships, primarily for a voyage of discovery in the South Pacific, but also with orders to reach the most southerly point which had been attained by Cook more than a half century before.

Few expeditions have met with worse treatment at the hands of fortune. The results still are in dispute. Wilkes, then a naval lieutenant, apparently was a man of little tact. He continually was quarreling with scientific personnel. A stern disciplinarian, he lacked the sympathy and breadth of vision essential to the commander who must lead men for indefinite periods in untracked wilds. Moreover, his ships were ill equipped for contact with an ice-pack. The expedition resulted in the discovery of a new continent and a court-martial of the commander.

Wilkes first sailed South from the newly settled village of Sidney in March, 1839,

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE



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S. S. RYNDAM of the Holland America Line, Tonnage 22,070, length 560 ft., has been chartered again. This steamer is admirably adapted to a floating college and is equipped with unusually wide decks, classrooms, study halls, library, outdoor gymnasium, swimming pools. Rates $2,500 to $3,700, including berth, meals, tuition, lectures, passport-visas, shore trips, and gratuities. Cruise Management again under Phelps Brothers and Company, 17 Battery Place, New York.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

with two ships. The antarctic winter was fast approaching. The commander himself, in the sloop *Vincennes*, failed to get across the antarctic circle. He tried to follow the route taken in 1823 by the British navigator, James Weddell, but covered only about two-thirds of the route when he ran against the ice-pack and was obliged to turn back.

The sloop, *Flying Fish*, under Lieutenant Walker, went farther and turned back after reaching 70 degrees south.

The expedition again went south from Sidney on December 26, 1839, in the midst of the antarctic summer. This time there were four ships—the *Vincennes*, commanded by Wilkes; the *Peacock*, under Lieut. William L. Hudson; the *Porpoise*, under Lieut. Cadwalader Ringgold, and the *Flying Fish*, under Lieut. W. L. Pinkney. The squadron sailed west and south of the Balleny Islands, which they did not see, and then cruised westward along the ice-pack. On January 19, Lieutenant Hudson reported land seen from the mast-head. During the next few days all four ships reported seeing mountain peaks. Wilkes sailed for nearly 1,000 miles along the ice barrier, seeking in vain for a place to land. There was no break in the black cliff. The squadron was buried in a dense fog, and the ships were tossed about by tempests. The sailors, in clothes intended for tropical waters, suffered intensely. There were frequent rumbles of rebellion below deck. Finally, on February 14, Wilkes went ashore on a small island eight miles from the coast and set up the American flag. The sailors gathered rocks and handfuls of gravel for souvenirs. Some of these probably still are in Washington, but, like most of the Wilkes collection, they have been lost sight of. After the landing, the squadron sailed north.

Simultaneously a French expedition, under Capt. Dumont d'Urville, was in antarctic waters. D'Urville sighted land two or three days after the Americans. Both commanders charted the coast-line, and the Frenchman gave French names to large segments. For the rest of his life he consistently denied Wilkes's claims, and considered himself the discoverer of the antarctic continent. His maps were more accurate and he possest a far more pleasing personality than his American rival.

Unfortunately for Wilkes, the next antarctic expedition sailed in one or two places completely across the land he had indicated on his map. This expedition consisted of two ships flying the flag of Great Britain and commanded by one of the most distinguished explorers of the last century—Sir James Clark Ross. Ross's vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, had been especially equipped for antarctic exploration. He sailed through the ice-pack and into the Ross Sea, the starting-point for most succeeding antarctic expeditions.

To the end of his life Ross questioned the existence of an antarctic continent. He believed that there were only groups of islands and that the south pole probably was located in the open sea. He named the country at the head of the great bay Victoria Land, after the Queen.

The testimony of Ross was extremely damaging to the claims of Wilkes. For more than half a century his name was omitted from most charts of the great Southland. The American commander's reputation was sustained, however, by the explorations of Sir Ernest Shackleton, who found that his maps for the most part were accurate. Mistakes were inevitable in the charting of a coast-line from a ship ten or fifteen miles distant, with all natural objects blurred by heavy fog.

On his return to Washington, Wilkes was tried by court-martial for his conduct of the expedition. Cruelty to sailors was charged, as well as gross exaggeration in claims to discovery. The commander was cleared of the charges, but a cloud has hung ever since over his name. The full reports of the expedition never were published. A few plants pecimens collected in the South Seas, or their descendants, still are growing in the Botanic Garden.

Wilkes once more came into public notice during the Civil War, when he stopt a British mail-steamer and took off two Confederate commissioners to Great Britain—Mason and Slidell. This undiplomatic action almost served as the spark necessary to bring about war between Britain and the United States. Congress congratulated Wilkes, but President Lincoln apologized to Britain, and the commander once again found himself on trial before a court-martial board. Once more he was vindicated, but remained a rather embittered man to the end of his days.

He retired from the Navy in 1873, and died in Washington in 1878. He is buried at Arlington, where several years ago a monument was unveiled to him under the auspices of the National Geographic Society. With his claims vindicated by Shackleton, Wilkes certainly is deserving of credit as one of the greatest of all American explorers.

Traffic Cop's R-r-revenge.—In an Ohio town a parson was summoned to court for driving his motor beyond the speed limit.

"Now," said the magistrate, "you say you were going at only eighteen miles an hour, but the constable declares you were proceeding at thirty. Now, I don't like to doubt either of you. Can you think why he declares you were going at that rate? Is there any grudge he owes you?"

"No," replied the clergyman. "No, I can't think of anything—unless it is that I married him three years ago."—*Kansas City Star.*

Chip of the Old Block.—Little Leslie was going to a party at the best house in the road, and his mother gave him a few points about his table manners.

When, later in the evening, her son returned she asked whether he had obeyed her instructions.

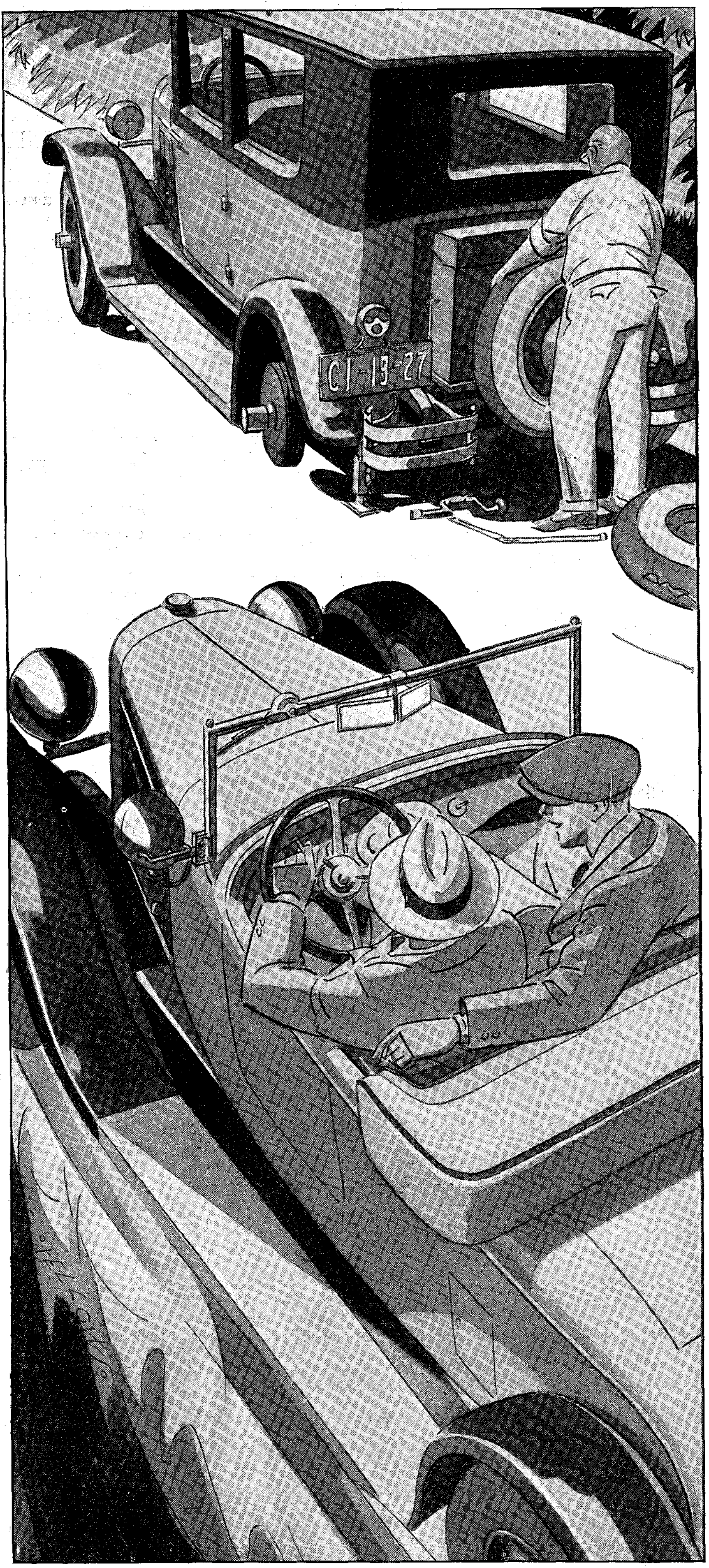
"Oh, yes," he replied proudly. "When they offered me a second piece of cake I said: 'Take that beastly stuff away!'—just the same as father does."—*London Answers.*

No Trimmings.—CHOLERIC BUSINESS MAN—"I don't know what the modern youngsters are coming to. My wretched office boys persistently whistle while they work."

SECOND DITTO: "You're fortunate. Mine just whistle."—*Gaiety.*

The First Back-seat Drivers.—SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER—"And so the Angel with the flaming sword drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden."

LITTLE ADNOCK—"What kind of a car did he have?"—*Life.*



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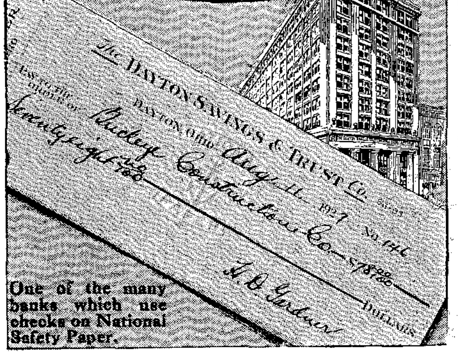

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INVESTMENTS ▾ AND ▾ FINANCE

THOSE UNPAID BONUS LOANS

BANKERS who disliked the provision of the Adjusted Compensation Law authorizing banks to lend on veterans' bonus certificates are finding their feelings of six months ago justified by the report that 95 per cent. of these loans have remained unpaid at maturity. Of course, says *The American Banker*, which has been looking into the matter, the banks will not lose much by their acceptance of the burdens put on them by Congress. "At worst the total amount represents a relatively small sum; it is the annoyance and contemplation of red-tape intricacies that cause the average bank officer to abandon business language and come perilously near profanity when the subject is introduced." The banks will not lose money for the reason that the Veterans Bureau is legally reponsible for the payment of the notes. The Director of the Bureau reports that up to July 15 the banks had loaned $44,336,204.03 to veterans on 473,024 separate bonus certificates. This entire amount the Bureau is "prepared to take up at a moment's notice." As an actual fact the large number of claims does militate against quick repayment, but the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* thinks that within the next few weeks probably more than $25,000,000 will flow out from the Federal Treasury to banks all over the country in reimbursement of the loans. It might be noted that since the amendment of the law at the last session of the Congress to allow the Veterans Bureau to make loans directly, such loans have been made to the number of 275,000 and a value of $24,000,000.

In almost every city of the country, reports *The American Banker*, there seems to be about the same proportion of defaulted loans. One New York banker is quoted as saying:

> We did not anticipate that every loan would be repaid, but we were unprepared for the actual results, which indicate that less than 5 per cent. of these loans will be taken up, and a lesser percentage renewed. It was also somewhat of a shock to us to have notification letters coming back marked "not at address given," "unknown," etc. It seems that so far as New York is concerned, holders of adjusted service certificates looked upon the loan transaction as a sale, final in itself, or as a gift from the Government, payable through the banks.

Several banks and trust companies, says *The American Banker*, "took the precaution of insisting on the opening of a thrift account by borrowers, and in a number of cases these accounts are being maintained; in others the accounts stand credited with the initial deposit of a small sum and nothing more." The consensus of opinion among the bankers, we are told, "is that banks have been put to a great deal of unnecessary trouble through having been drawn into transactions forced upon them by the exigencies of politics."

As fast as the machinery of the Veterans Bureau can function, writes William P. Helm, Jr., in a Washington dispatch to the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, "the Government is reimbursing the banks for the amounts loaned":

> This averages about $90 for each service man. The Government is also paying the banks interest on the loans, generally at 6 per cent., and charging up the principal and interest to each veteran concerned.
>
> Most of the 468,000 soldier-bonus loans made by banks were extended during January and early February. Under the law, the lending bank must wait at least six months before looking to the Government for repayment. The six months' period for the majority of loans ended with July, and claims for reimbursement are pouring in at from 5,000 to 10,000 daily from the banks to the Veterans Bureau.
>
> To cope with the deluge of claims a special force of more than 120 clerks has been assembled in the Bureau.
>
> The great majority of veterans who borrowed money appear to have lost all further interest in the bonus for the time being. One Washington bank which made 300 loans of this kind last January states that only one borrower has come in to renew his note. The other 299 notes have been turned over to the Government for payment.
>
> In other cities the situation is virtually the same. Banks in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Baltimore and other cities report that fewer than 1 per cent. of the borrowers have renewed their notes. Ninety-nine out of every 100, knowing that the Government will protect their interests, have made no step to repay the advance by the bank.
>
> Nearly $45,000,000 has been loaned by all the banks on bonus certificates. In most instances the banks were reluctant, at first, to make the loans, basing their unwillingness on the smallness of the transaction, the violation of established precedents against loans to non-depositors and other grounds. Indications now are that within the next six weeks or two months 95 per cent. of the money lent by the banks will have been repaid by the Government.
>
> Thus the banks will be virtually out of the soldier-bonus picture. In their place, the Federal Government will become the creditor of every former service man who borrowed. The Government will charge him 6 per cent. interest until the loan is repaid. If the loan is not repaid, principal and interest will be deducted from the final settlement eighteen years hence or sooner in the event of the insurance becoming due through the veteran's death.

The fact that so many borrowers are defaulting should not make us forget, however, continues Mr. Helm, that the great majority of the veterans are holding their

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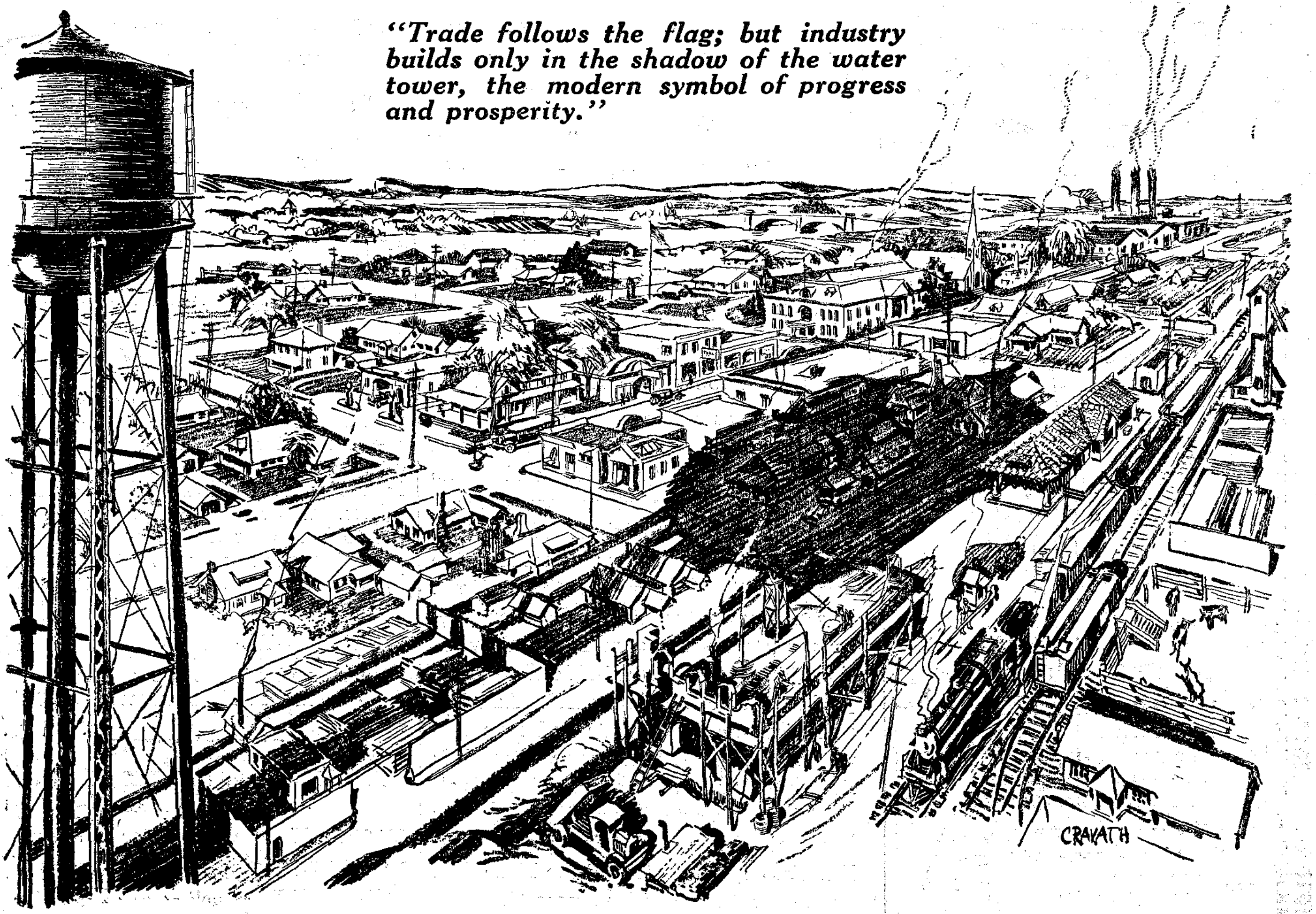

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Continued

certificates instead of borrowing on them—"against 750,000 borrowers there are nearly 2,300,000 certificates outstanding upon which no loans have been made." The average face value of these certificates at maturity is a little more than $1,000 each.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION AS A STIMULUS TO WORLD TRADE

THE great upheaval in China is primarily due, in the opinion of one close observer, to the "ambition and desire aroused in the hearts of the common herd of coolies to secure a small share at least of the joys and comforts" which they see to be the common lot of the peoples of the Occident. In consequence, the argument continues, we are going to witness as a result of the revolution a hitherto undreamed-of demand for the products of the Western world. And further, American merchants and manufacturers are advised to prepare to secure their share of this new trade and not leave it all to European competitors. This reasoning is contained in an interview given a San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* by James G. Scott, head of the firm of James G. Scott and Company of Shanghai, who says:

> The Chinese are tired of seeing all the good things of life go to foreigners while they secure nothing for themselves. For centuries these people have plodded along, and when the Occidentals came there, the masses were willing to serve and receive such a mere pittance that none could even taste good things. But now, what with the thousands of students returning from this and other countries with knowledge and a desire to have Occidental necessities, the situation has changed and the old order will never return.
>
> The Chinese are beginning to demand sanitation, better homes, better food, and better everything. When they could not secure any of these things—I am speaking of the coolies, and not the mandarins—the trouble really started and was, of course, fanned by the students, who saw an opportunity.
>
> The strikes that swept the country were caused by this condition. As normal conditions are restored, they will be accompanied by continual demands for increased wages. We may as well understand that the Chinese are never going to work as cheaply as formerly. We will have to pay them their demands, but this will not prove disastrous by any means. On the contrary, it will be to our advantage, because this will increase the buying power of these people, and in turn this will make it possible for us to sell products in that country not dreamed of before.
>
> For instance, we are now completing the arrangements to hold a modern home exposition in Shanghai during the month of September. This is being done because we see an opportunity to extend the market for our American home merchandise among the people who could not by any process of reasoning be considered as prospects only a short time ago. The wealthiest men of China are interested in this affair. They are progressive and are so certain that this exposition will prove successful that additional plans now under way to provide for the construction of a big building which will house a permanent exposition consisting of Chinese and foreign products.
>
> The Chinese, the men of wealth and influence, are certain that when the present difficulties have been adjusted, there will be a complete change. They believe that their country will be wide awake, and that will mean that transportation will be arranged, the people will demand and receive better compensation, and this in turn will mean that China will really begin to buy abroad.
>
> American merchants and manufacturers would do well to give a deal of attention to the present situation in China. I will assure all that the opportunity is not being overlooked by the British, French, Germans, and others. Their representatives are preparing to battle for the gigantic commercial prizes that are coming out of China, and the influential Chinese are preparing to take advantage of the expected by arranging to manufacture merchandise for shipment out of China. Also they believe that in a short time we will witness the development of the tremendous natural resources of their country.

THE NEW RIVALRY BETWEEN GAS AND ELECTRICITY

WHEN electric power for lighting purposes came into general use less than thirty years ago it was predicted by many, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* recalls, that the end of the gas industry was at hand. "The superior convenience of electric light, and in many places its greater cheapness, seemed to make gas an anachronism as far as illumination was concerned, while many expected that the use of gas for cooking purposes would also decline with the invention of electric cooking apparatus." But these predictions "have not come true—"

> Altho the sale of natural and manufactured gas has not increased at nearly the same pace as the phenomenal growth of the electric power and light industry, yet its progress has been steady and, in itself, rapid. Gas companies have made much money, and such concerns as Consolidated Gas of New York and Baltimore have played a leading part in the growth of the electric companies in the territory they serve.
>
> In fact, it turned out that the two industries were not as competitive as appeared at first blush. While electricity soon dominated in the lighting field, gas retained its position in cooking activities.

But recent developments have brought back the old competition between the gas industry and the electric industry, and *The Journal of Commerce* goes on to sum up those developments as follows:

> The use of gas for industrial power purposes has grown rapidly in recent years, and competition has arisen between the gas and the electric motor which in some parts of the country is quite severe. For example, in irrigating Texas farms gas is used to a large extent for pumping. Here, as in many other districts, there is a plentiful supply of cheap natural gas which can provide power that is often less expensive

and approximately as convenient as that furnished by the central station.

The recent developments in the refrigerator field bring out the new competition even more clearly. Electric refrigerators have made good, and a number of companies are now more or less profitably engaged in the manufacture.

In the last year or two gas refrigeration has made great strides, however, and is rapidly coming into its own. The Consolidated Gas Company of New York, among others, is pushing its gas-fired refrigerator on the score of convenience and economy. As this company controls both gas and electric properties, it can afford to push both types, and apparently is doing so on the same principle that many tobacco companies sell more than one brand of cigarets of the same type—to increase the total amount of business done.

There are too many advantages that electric power has over gas in a great many uses to justify any fears concerning its future. On the other hand, the century-old gas industry is alive and kicking, and is not only able to maintain its position, but to branch out into new fields as well. In the application of power to American industry on an ever-growing scale, there is room enough and to spare for both forms of power.

WHY FAMILIES INCORPORATE

ONE important reason is to dodge income taxes, says the New York *World*. It notes that in any list of stockholders may be found a number of small corporations existing only to hold large blocks of securities. Technically, of course, these are investment companies with the perfectly legitimate function of dealing in, and handling income from stocks and bonds. But, explains *The World*, there is a special reason for the multiplication of these close family corporations in recent years, and that is that "they afford a convenient avenue of escape from the surtaxes on incomes":

On the income of corporations the present tax is a flat rate of 13½ per cent. On the income of an individual the combined normal tax and surtax exceeds this rate on all the income in excess of $34,000. On that portion of an individual's income in excess of $100,000 the combined rate is 25 per cent. or nearly twice the rate on corporations.

The law thus offers inducements to taxpayers in the upper brackets, especially those whose income is derived mainly from investments, to unite the members of their families into corporations. Their investments are carried in the name of the corporation. If the income from these holdings were distributed to the members of the family it would of course be subject to the rates of the personal income tax. When it is not so distributed, but is held for reinvestment, the family corporation becomes a mechanism for tax-dodging.

Section 220 of the Revenue Act prescribes a penalty of 50 per cent. on the net income of a corporation which thus seeks to evade the law, but the Treasury Department has never made any serious attempt to enforce this provision. There are difficulties in the way of enforcement, but these do not appear insuperable. When Congress again gives its attention to tax revision this is one of the matters which should be thoroughly investigated, and if it is shown that the Treasury Department can not cope with the prevalent abuses, more teeth should be put into the law.

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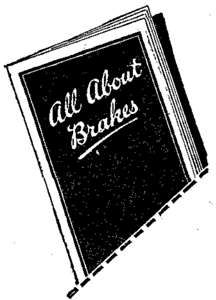

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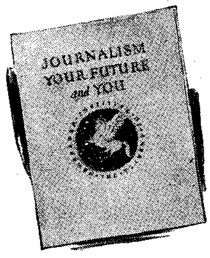
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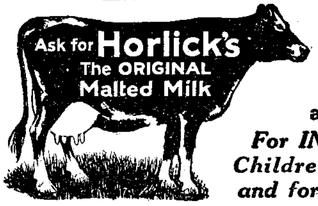

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 25.—Matilde Serao, Italian novelist, dies at Naples, at the age of seventy-one.

July 27.—Six soldiers of the rebel Nicaraguan army under General Sandino are killed and thirty wounded by a United States Marine Corps aviator near San Fernando, Nicaragua.

July 28.—First news reaches London of the great earthquake on May 23, in Kansu Province, China, in which several towns and cities were destroyed, and in which the casualties may have reached 100,000; 10,000 persons were killed in the city of Liangchowfu.

Michael Borodin, Russian adviser to the Nationalist Government of China, leaves Hankow to return to Russia.

July 30.—The Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Stanley Baldwin, the first British Prime Minister to visit Canada while in office, land at Quebec.

July 31.—The 2,200 White Russian refugees who have been in Constantinople since 1920 are expelled from the city by order of the Turkish Government.

Sir Harry Johnston, explorer and writer, dies in London.

Lady Lauder, wife of Sir Harry Lauder, dies in Glasgow.

August 1.—An explosion on board the Japanese mine layer, *Tokiwa,* at Saiki Bay, kills thirty-eight officers and men and wounds forty-eight others.

August 2.—The Soviet Government announces a policy of strict Communist party discipline and the elimination of factional opposition.

DOMESTIC

July 28.—It is announced in Washington by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce that 137,017 persons were killed by automobiles between January 1, 1919, and December 31, 1926, as compared with a total of World War deaths in the American armed forces of 120,050.

Twenty-four excursionists are drowned when the power-boat *Favorite* capsizes in Lake Michigan, off Chicago.

July 29.—The Federal Trade Commission orders an investigation into the financial relationship of E. I. Dupont de Nemours and Co., the United States Steel Corporation and the General Motors Corporation.

July 30.—The War Department announces that the bodies of seven American soldiers have been recovered from a shell hole in the Department of the Meuse, and identified after a nine-years' search of battle-fields and cemeteries.

D. C. Stephenson testifies concerning political corruption before the Marion County grand jury in Indianapolis.

July 31.—Walter J. Travis, famous golfer, dies in Denver.

August 1.—Clarence D. Chamberlin flies from a runway of the liner *Leviathan,* 100 miles out from New York, to Curtiss Field, L. I., carrying mail.

August 2.—President Coolidge issues the statement to the press: "I do not choose to run for President in nineteen twenty-eight."

The Federal Internal Revenue Bureau announces that royalties received by an author must be classified for tax purposes as "unearned income."

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

a, an.—"J. V. R.," Roanoke, Va.—In the United States the *h* in both *hospital* and *heritage* is sounded; therefore, the indefinite article *a* is correctly used before each word; *a* hospital, *a* heritage.

among, amongst.—"H. T.," Hackensack, N. J.—These terms may be used interchangeably, but in the United States the form *among*, which is the earlier, is preferred. In England *amongst* has preponderance of usage.

Byrd.—"A. K.," Butte, Mont.—*Byrd* is pronounced as if written *burd*—*u* as in *burn*. In English "y" is never sounded as you suggest. It has but two sounds: (1) as a diphthong equal to *ai* in "aisle," as in *by, bye, cry, dry, dye*, etc.; (2) as *i* in "pin," as in *city, ditty, kitty, pity*, etc.

compounds in -ful.—(1) "S. F. B.," Roscoe, N. Y.—The plural of compounds ending in *-ful*, as *spoonful*, is formed in the same manner as the plural of other nouns of regular formation—by the simple addition of a final "s," as, *spoonfuls*. So when a physician prescribes medicine to be taken by the spoonful more than once a day, these are correctly spoken of as *spoonfuls*. But supposing more than one medicine is to be taken, and that the medicines do not assimilate, thus requiring *more than one spoon* to administer them; then it would be correct to refer to the different doses as *spoons full*, since the words denote more than one spoon full. *Spoonfuls* denote one spoon filled more than once."

(2) The expressions *some one else, any one else, every one else, somebody else*, etc., are in good usage treated as substantive phrases, and have the possessive inflection upon the *else*; as, *somebody else's* umbrella; but some prefer to treat them simply as elliptical expressions; as, the umbrella is *somebody's else* (*i. e.*, other than the person previously mentioned).

(3) The period and the comma are always put *before* the closing quotation-mark. The colon, semicolon, mark of interrogation, and mark of exclamation come before or after the quotation-mark according to whether or not the punctuation be a part of the matter quoted.

copyrighted.—"R. W. E.," Baltimore, Md.—This is the correct form for the past tense of the verb *copyright*.

dialed, dialled.—"K. F. S.," St. Louis, Mo.—Consult FUNK & WAGNALLS *New Standard Dictionary*, p. 699, col. 1, *bottom*, and you will see under *dial* (verb) that both forms are in accepted usage.

Ely.—"M. K.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—The only pronunciation recorded for this name is *i'li*—first *i* as in *police*, second *i* as in *habit*.

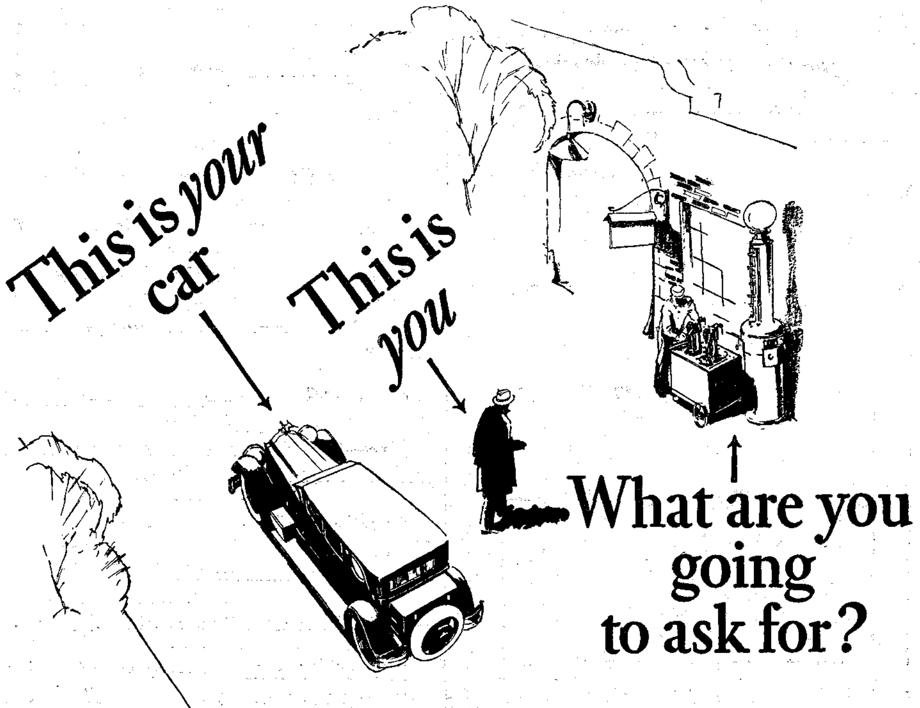
feel bad, feel badly.—"G. P. McK.," New York City.—If you mean to express the idea that you are ailing in health, *feel bad* is correct. *Feel bad* is synonymous with *feel ill* and is correct. One might as well say *feel illy* as *feel badly* if the latter were correct as applied to health. However, *feel badly* is correct when the intention is to say that one's power of touch is defective as through a mishap to the fingers.

laity.—"V. E. H.," Whipple, Ariz.—*Laity* means the lay people as a whole as distinguished from the clergy. It could not be used in the singular any more correctly than could *clergy* or *people*. The individual is *layman, clergyman, person*.

Mexia.—"N. M.," Centerville, Ind.—The name of this town may be pronounced either *mi-hi'a* (first *i* as in *habit*, second *i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*), or *me-i'a* (*e* as in *prey*, *i* as in *police*, *a* as in *final*).

moneys, monies.—"S. S.," Lamar, Colo.—Both *moneys* and *monies* have been used as plurals of *money*. The first is preferred to-day. The second is formed on the analogy that words ending in "y," form their plural by changing the "y" to "ies," as *bunny, bunnies; lady, ladies; pony, ponies*. The rule does not apply, however, to "ey" as shown by *honey, honeys*.

present status.—"F. F.," New York City.—Evidently the writer thinks that *status* carries with it the signification of time, but it means merely condition. The word *present* in this expression is not superfluous, for it qualifies "status," and indicates clearly that the status is of the time being. The Latin word means "state, circumstance or condition" without regard to the time.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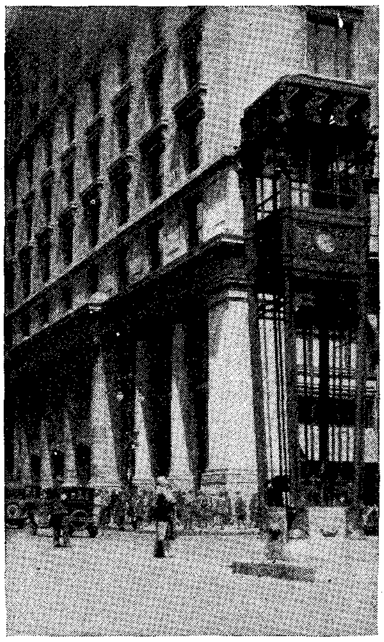

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Quick on the Trigger.—A rapid girl is Katie Bower, she can say good night within an hour.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Old-fashioned Husband. — Gardener, experienced, able to drive wife for extra work in house.—*Ad in Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Save the Soap.—TEACHER—"What is the 'Order of the Bath'?"

KID—"Pa first, then Ma, then us kids, and then the hired girl."—*Life.*

Overdressed?—
SEES STRANGER
WEARING TROUSERS;
CAUSES ARREST
—*Head-lines in a Stockton (Cal.) paper.*

Make It Unanimous.—ARTIST (to friend)—"See that picture over there? Well, I painted it, and a million wouldn't buy it!"

FRIEND—"Well, I'm one of the million!"
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

Perfect Alibi.—There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," said the beggar, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here!" retorted the woman of the house, as she slammed the door.—*Nash Journal.*

"Scots Wha Hae."—"How about a little remuneration for my efforts?" the vagrant minstrel asked.

"Sure thing," the Scotchman replied. "What do you want me to sing?"—*Texas Ranger.*

Gunpowder Equality.—FIRST CHICAGOAN—"What do you think should be our policy in China?"

SECOND CHICAGOAN—"I think the life of an American citizen should be just as safe in China as it is here."—*Life.*

Face the Music.—"I would be glad," said the clergyman, after he had given out the text for his sermon, "if the young man who is standing outside the door would come in and make absolutely certain whether she is here to-night or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch or so and thereby exposing the necks of the people in the back row to a current of cold air."—*Epworth Herald.*

He Espik Ingliz Languaje.—I come at yor prezence wicht thes leter at the end tu ask at yor pirson a smol fevor. I am a boy of 25 years come from Estates New York wicht I wose worquing on the Rosvelt Ospital am fore man about on year and now I am in hire loking any job aw continuo porter mensajer or wacht man I know wel the citi any else I have god referenses from the bestes house Stores of hire and I wose siman under American flag 3 hiears I Espik 5 languaje Ingliz Espanisch Franch Italian and portigues And I kow wel oll Europe England Estates central and Sout america wiht out I wat your ansar or yes or not Tank ing yow very macht for your fine actention eskiuse may troble

Dear Sire Friend

—*Letter received by an American business man in Brazil.*

Fed Up.—JOE—"Shall we sit this out?"

COE—"Oh, I'm so tired; let's dance."
—*Widow.*

Festive Weather.—No telephone poles were reported down, but many wines were served by the icy missiles.—*Montreal Gazette.*

Rival Go-Getters.—FLUB—"What caused that collision to-day?"

DUB—"Two motorists after the same pedestrian."—*Judge.*

Thorough Job.—
TWO ARE FATALLY
KILLED IN WRECK
ON VIRGINIA LINE
—*South Carolina paper.*

Lingering Golden Age.—SHE—"Which do you think are the most interesting years of a woman's life?"

HE—"The first two or three years that she is twenty-one!"—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Dempsey Tactics.—
"Tho fishing is not," said Bill Daw,
"Conducted by prize-fighters' law,
From salmon to trout
Most fish are put out
By landing a hook in the jaw."
—*New Haven Register.*

Repentant "Central."—
O Lord, for all I done to-day
To cause annoyance and delay
To make a person rant and rave,
For all wrong numbers I have gave
And gave and gave when I'd be cryin'
For five three seven, thrrree seven ni-yun,
For all the needless irritation
When I cut off a conversation,
The cusses—calls for information
Because of me—the slaps and slams,
The smashed receivers—darns and damns
I've caused this day—O Lord, for these
And all my sins,
Excuse it, Please!
—*Oliver Herford in Life.*

Lo on the Warpath.—Chief Eagle Feather, the Indian owning the Ookomis Indian Reservation, wishes to announce that the charges of maintaining a nuisance, and the proproganda originating from same is false. As for padlocking of the Council House Pavillion, there is no law in the State of Indiana prohibiting dancing, and the pavillion will be open as usual. The public is invited—but tie your mule on the outside.

Since I have owned the Indian Reservation, I have been bawled out, held up, held down, bull-dozed, black jacked, walked on, cheated, squeezed and mooched.

I have been stuck for war tax, poll tax, auto tax, road tax, gas tax, dog tax, and syntax, liberty bonds, baby bonds and bonds of Matrimony, red cross, green cross, and the double cross; asked to help the W. C. T. U., Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A.; boy scouts, Riley Memorial, Society of John the Baptist, G. A. R. Women's Relief corpse, Men's Relief and Stomach Relief.

Princess Silver Heels and I with our attorneys will leave for Indianapolis to-day where we will confer with State's attorneys.
—*Brown County (Ind.) Democrat.*